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Selections.

THE BARBARISM OF SLAVERY.

Speech of the Hon. Owen Lovejoy,

OF ILLINOIS.

Delivered in the U. S. House of Representatives, April 5, 1860.

THE House being in the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union—

Mr. LOVEJOY said: Mr. Chairman, the House has been occupied for several days in the discussion of the subject of polygamy. The Republican party, of which I am a member, stands pledged since 1856 to the extermination, so far as the Federal Government has the power, of the twin relics of barbarism—slavery and polygamy. They have this power in the Territories of the United States.

Now, sir, as we anticipate a death blow having been given to one of these twins, I propose to pay my respects to the other. I want to see them strangled and go down together, as they both richly deserve.

Mr. COBB—I rise to a question of order.

The CHAIRMAN—The gentleman will state his question of order.

Mr. COBB—I was going to raise a question of order upon the right of the gentleman to discuss the question of the "twin relics," under the new rule we have adopted. However, I will not interfere; the gentleman may go on with his speech.

Mr. LOVEJOY—I am entitled to the floor; I do not yield to the gentleman; and I will proceed with my remarks within my hour, with the gentleman's permission or without it.

The CHAIRMAN—The Chair supposes that general debate is in order upon this bill, the House now being in the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and no special order pending.

Mr. LOVEJOY—I was about to say, when interrupted, that I am aware that the practical question presented to this House and to the country is whether slavery shall be extended beyond its present limits; as that is the only question over which they have exclusive jurisdiction. And if slavery were contented to remain restricted, and find its future where it now is, we might, perhaps, forbear this discussion. But when it is proposed to extend what is termed an institution—but which is not an institution, which is simply a practice—the question naturally arises, what is the nature, what are the influences, and what are the elements of this practice? and what will they prove to be if allowed expansion? I am aware it has been stated upon this floor that the *morale* of slavery is settled; that its ethics are no longer to be discussed; that they were settled ages ago by the Stagirite of Greece, and have been reaffirmed and reestablished by the chanticleer of Ohio (Mr. COX), in rhetoric gorgeous as sunset's glow. We are told that where slavery will pay, slaveholding will go. Precisely upon the same principle we might say that where robbery will pay, robbery will go; where piracy will pay, piracy will go; and where adipose human flesh is cheaper than that of beeves, cannibalism will go, because it will pay. Sir, than robbery, than piracy, than polygamy, slaveholding is worse—more criminal, more injurious to man, and consequently more offensive to God. Slaveholding has been justly designated as the sum of all villany. Put every crime perpetrated among men into a moral crucible, and dissolve and combine them all, and the resultant amalgam is slaveholding. It has the violence of robbery.

A MEMBER—You are joking.

Mr. LOVEJOY—No, sir; I am speaking in dead earnest, before God, God's own truth. It has the violence of robbery, the blood and cruelty of piracy; it has the offensive and brutal lusts of polygamy, all combined and concentrated in itself, with aggravations that neither one of these crimes ever knew or dreamed of.

Mr. Chairman, the justification of slavery is placed, so far as I know, mainly upon these grounds: the inferiority of the enslaved race; the fact that enslaving men imparts Christianity and civilization to them; and, thirdly, the guarantees of the Constitution. These are the three main arguments presented to justify slavery, and consequently to justify its expansion. And, by the way, I hold that the extreme men, as they are called, on this question, are the only men who have the logic of it. I am right, or the fire-eaters are right. If slavery is right in Virginia, it is right in Kansas. If it is wrong in Kansas, it is wrong everywhere. Now, sir, in regard to the first point—the inferiority of the enslaved race. We may concede it as a matter of fact that it is inferior; but does it follow, therefore, that it is right to enslave a man simply because he is inferior? This, to me, is a most abhorrent doctrine. It would place the weak everywhere at the mercy of the strong; it would place the poor at the mercy of the rich; it would place those that are deficient in intellect at the mercy of those that are gifted in mental endowment.

The principle of enslaving human beings because they are inferior is this: If a man is a cripple, trip him up; if he is old and weak, and bowed with the weight of years, strike him, for he cannot strike back; if idiotic, take advantage of him; and if a child, deceive him. This, sir, this is the doctrine of Democrats, and the doctrine of devils as well, and there is no place in the universe outside the five points of hell and the Democratic party where the practice and prevalence of such doctrines would not be a disgrace (laughter). If the strong of the earth are to enslave the weak here, it would justify angels in enslaving men, because they are superior; and archangels in turn would be justified in subjugating those who are inferior in intellect and position, and ultimately it would transform Jehovah into an infinite Juggernaut, rolling the huge wheels of his Omnipotence——

[Mr. Lovejoy had advanced into the area, and occupied the space fronting the Democratic benches.]

Mr. PRYOR (advancing from the Democratic side of the House toward the area where Mr. Lovejoy stood)—The gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Lovejoy) shall not approach this side of the House, shaking his fists and talking in the way he has talked. It is bad enough to be compelled to sit here and hear him utter his treasonable and insulting language; but he *shall not*, sir, come upon this side of the House, shaking his fist in our faces.

Mr. FARNSWORTH—It is not for the gentleman to say what is treason and what is not.

Mr. POTTER—We listened to gentlemen upon the other side for eight weeks, when they denounced the members upon this side in violent and offensive language. We listened to them quietly, and heard them through. And now, sir, this side *shall* be heard, let the consequences be what they may.

Mr. PRYOR—The point I make is this—

The CHAIRMAN—The Chair will receive no motion and hear no gentleman until members resume their seats and order is restored in the hall.

Mr. COX—I rise to a point of order. I insist that the gentleman from Illinois shall speak from his seat.

Mr. PRYOR—That is the point I make. Let the gentleman speak from his seat, and say all under the rules he is entitled to say; but, sir, he *shall not* come upon this side, shaking his fist in our faces, and talking in the style he has talked. He shall not come here gesticulating in a menacing and ruffianly manner.

Mr. POTTER—You are doing the same thing.

The CHAIRMAN—Gentlemen will resume their seats.

Mr. COX—If the gentleman from Illinois goes on as he has, a guardian will have to be appointed for him.

Mr. BARKSDALE (addressing Mr. Lovejoy)—You shall not come upon this side of the House.

Mr. ADRAIN—To avoid all further difficulty, I suggest to the gentleman from Illinois to speak from his seat. We all know him to be a man of courage, and that he cannot be intimidated.

Mr. PRYOR—No one wants to intimidate him.

Mr. LOVEJOY—Nobody can intimidate me.

Mr. ADRAIN—I know that. I suggest to the gentleman that he continue his speech from his seat.

[Thirty or forty of the members from both sides of the House gathered in the area about Mr. Lovejoy and Mr. Pryor, and there was increased confusion.]

Mr. JOHN COCHRANE—I move that the Committee rise, as it is the only way we can get rid of this disturbance.

Mr. POTTER—I do not believe that side of the House can say *where* a member shall speak; and they shall not say it.

Mr. SINGLETON—The gentleman from Illinois shall not make that speech upon this side of the House.

Mr. BURNETT—There is a rule of this House which requires each man to speak from his seat. The gentleman from Illinois was not in his seat when he was speaking. He cannot, and he shall not, cross this hall to this side in a menacing manner. He *shall not*, let the consequences be what they will. He must speak from his seat.

Mr. GROW—I move that the Committee rise.

The CHAIRMAN—Gentlemen must resume their seats.

Mr. COX—Let the gentleman from Illinois take his seat.

Mr. WASHBURNE (Ill.)—Let others be seated, and let my colleague proceed.

Mr. POTTER—The gentleman from Illinois can take care of himself without the assistance of the other side.

Mr. KELLOGG (Ill.)—I say to gentlemen that my colleague shall speak; that he is in order, and will not commit a breach of the rules of the House; if he does, I will be the first to rebuke him; but he shall have his rights according to the rules of the House, and in nowise shall they be abridged or interfered with. He shall be heard upon this floor, and at this time.

Mr. BRIGGS—Then let him go upon his own side.

The CHAIRMAN—The Chair calls the Committee to order; and if gentlemen do not come to order, he will call the Speaker to the chair and report the disorder to the House.

Mr. FLORENCE—I move that the Committee rise. It is impossible to quell the disturbance without doing so.

The CHAIRMAN—The Speaker will take the chair.

The Chairman (Mr. Washburne, Me.) vacated the chair, and the Speaker resumed it.

The SPEAKER—The Chair calls the House to order. I desire gentlemen of the House to take their seats.

Mr. FLORENCE—Every one, upon either and all sides.

Mr. JOHN COCHRANE—The Committe has risen; has it not?

The SPEAKER—The Chair requests gentlemen to respect the authority of the House, and take their seats.

Mr. BARKSDALE—Order that black-hearted scoundrel and nigger-stealing thief to take his seat, and this side of the house will do it.

Mr. MCQUEEN—We will allow nobody to come over from that side of the House and bully us on this side. [Cries of "Sit down!" "Sit down!" from all sides of the House.]

The SPEAKER—The Chair desires gentlemen to take their seats.

Mr. BOCOCK—I, for one, will do so with pleasure, promptly, when the Speaker requires it. I only ask that everybody shall do so. I think this whole matter can be settled, if the gentleman speaking and every other gentleman will take his seat.

Mr. BURNETT—I rise to a privileged question.

The SPEAKER—The Chair cannot recognize anybody, until gentlemen take their seats.

Mr. BURNETT—Then, let everybody take his seat, and let order be enforced.

The SPEAKER—Gentlemen will take their seats, without distinction.

Members gradually withdrew from the open area in front of the Speaker's chair, and resumed their seats. Order being at length restored,

Mr. WASHBURN, of Maine (Chairman of the Committee), said—In the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union disorder arose, which prevented the transaction of business, and the Chair was compelled to call the Speaker to the chair, and to report the facts to the House.

Mr. ELY—I move that the House do now adjourn.

Mr. WASHBURN (Me.)—The Chairman of the Committee states that if order is likely to be preserved, so that proceedings can go on, the Chairman of the Committee will resume the chair.

The SPEAKER—Order having been restored, the Speaker will leave the chair, and the Chairman of the Committee will take it.

Mr. WASHBURN (Me.) resumed the chair; and announced that the gentleman from Illinois was entitled to the floor.

Mr. LOVEJOY—Mr. Chairman, I desire to violate no rule of the House.

Mr. BOYCE—Then behave yourself.

Mr. LOVEJOY—I wish to learn whether it is a violation of the rules to occupy this space in front of the Speaker's chair, or any portion of it? If so, I will cheerfully yield; if not, I claim the right to choose my own position.

The CHAIRMAN—The Chair understands that the rules require that every gentleman shall speak from his seat.

Mr. CURTIS—Or from the Clerk's desk.

Mr. BURNETT—The gentleman has the right to do that.

Mr. MCCLERNAND—Let him speak from the Clerk's desk.

Mr. ASHLEY—It has been the habit of gentlemen to come into the aisle and choose their own position.

Mr. ADRAIN—It is a very bad habit, and we had better change it.

The CHAIRMAN—The Chair is aware that such has been the custom; but if the rule is insisted on, it is the duty of the Chair to enforce it.

Mr. ADRAIN—I hope it will be insisted on.

The CHAIRMAN—The gentleman from Illinois will speak from his seat.

Mr. LOVEJOY—I have no seat.

Mr. ASHLEY—Nor any other member.

Mr. LOVEJOY (taking his place in the Clerk's desk) resumed—Mr. Chairman, I was about stating, when interrupted, that the principle upon which slaveholding was sought to be justified in this country would, if carried out in the affairs of the universe, transform Jehovah, the Supreme, into an infinite Juggernaut, rolling the huge wheels of his omnipotence, axle-deep, amid the crushed, and mangled, and bleeding bodies of human beings, on the ground that he was infinitely superior, and that they were an inferior race.

Mr. GARTRELL (in his seat)—The man is crazy.

Mr. LOVEJOY—The second ground upon which it is attempted to justify slavery, or slaveholding, is that it is a mode of imparting Christianity and civilization to the slaves. Mr. Chairman, I would like to know how slaveholding communities can impart that of which they are not in the possession? The truth is that the practice of slaveholding has a powerful tendency to drag communities back to barbarism. It is actually having that effect upon the slave States of this Union; and were it not for the Christian women that have gone from free States and intermarried in the slave States—and were it not for those noble women of the slave States, that preserve womanly purity and Christianity, in spite of the unhappy influences of slaveholding, the slave States to-day would be as far back in barbarism as the State of Mexico.

It is simply from that infiltration——

Mr. SINGLETON—I wish to know if the gentleman intends to cast any insinuation or slur on the women of the South. I want to know that, distinctly and emphatically; because, if he does, I will hold him personally accountable for it.

Several MEMBERS—Oh, no. He gives all praise to the women of the South. He compliments them.

Mr. SINGLETON—I repeat, that if he intended to asperse Southern women, or to compliment the women of the North at their expense, I will hold him accountable for it.

The CHAIRMAN—The gentleman from Mississippi is not in order. The gentleman from Illinois will proceed.

Mr. LOVEJOY—It is simply by this contact with free communities; it is, as I said, from the fact that Christian women went from free States, and that the Christian women of slave States—who have not the poor privilege that Sarah of old had of sending the Hagars and Ishmaels to the wilderness—maintained their purity and Christian character, and their testimony against the system, that they were prevented from that retrocession toward barbarism.

Several MEMBERS—That is what he said before.

Mr. LOVEJOY—Sir, if you step into the Smithsonian Institution, or into the Patent Office, you will find implements of husbandry imported from Japan and China, showing just about the same development in civilization as the implements that you find on the plantations. Now, sir, the truth is that the practice of slaveholding drags slaveholding communities further below the plane of the Christian civilization of the age than the civilization which the slave receives elevates him above the plane of heathenism by being held in these Christian communities. Sir, how do they impart civilization and Christianity? It is a strange mode of Christianizing a race to turn them over into brutism without any legal marriage. Among the four million slaves in this country, there is not a single husband or wife. There is not legally a single father or child. There is not a single home or hearthsone among these four million. And you propose to civilize and Christianize a people without giving them homes, without allowing them the conjugal and parental relations, and without having those relations sanctioned and protected by law.

Mr. Chairman, no community can make one step of progress in civilizing a race till you give them homes; till you protect the sanctity of the home, as we hold it should be protected in regard to these Mormons on the plains of Utah. Christianizing them, sir! Christianizing them by a new process. The slave States have a right to an exclusive patent for it. Taking them out in the sight of the church, as one was taken out not long ago in the State of Tennessee, by a Presbyterian elder, and laid down on his face on the ground, his hands and feet extended to their utmost tension, and tied to pickets, and the Gospel whipped into him with the broad side of a hand-saw, discolored whelks of sanctification being raised between the teeth every time this Gospel agency fell upon the naked and quivering flesh of the tortured convert (laughter).

A Democratic MEMBER—Did he get the Gospel in? (Laughter.)

Mr. LOVEJOY—Christianized as a young girl was Christianized in this city since the session of Congress, by being whipped and sent to the garret, and found dead in the morning, with blood oozing from nose and ears.

A DEMOCRATIC MEMBER—Where does that authority come from?

Mr. LOVEJOY—I do not know whether religious rites were had or not. I suppose some pro-slavery priest was invited in to utter impious prayers before God that the last flaggellation might have whipped in Christianity enough to save her precious and never-dying soul (laughter). And now, alarmed, a good black walnut coffin is made and decorated with white ribbons, and placed in the hearse, followed by a hack, containing, I presume, the murderess; and my attention is called to the cortege: "See, Mr. Lovejoy, there is a slave funeral! Is that treating them like brutes? Look into the coffin! Look into the carriage!" You say this is horrid. I know it is horrid. I know it is horrid to hold men in slavery. I know it is horrid to doom four million human beings to the condition of chattels, to be held *pro nullis, pro mortuis, pro quadrupedis*, taken for no persons, for dead persons, for four-footed beasts—men as much entitled to freedom as you and I. Sir, the testimony of all religious societies in the slave States is that the slaves are still heathen, and it is an utter impossibility to Christianize them and civilize them by this process.

The third point that is relied on to justify slaveholding is, that it is constitutional—that it is guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. Now, Mr. Chairman, I have heard it declared over and over again that the Constitution guarantees slavery. I deny it. In no article, in no section, in no line, in no word, in no syllable, can there be any recognition or sanction of human slavery found in the Constitution of the United States. It is not there. It always recognizes human beings as persons, and never as property. It does not use the word "slave" or "slavery." Why, sir, when I came up to take the oath to support the Constitution, a whispered buzz, half in earnest and half jocular, passed around: "How can Lovejoy swear to support the Constitution? How can he take the oath?" I could take the oath to support the Constitution, because I believe in the Constitution, because I hold to it, because my heart is loyal to it. Every part and parcel and portion of it I believe in; but I do not believe in the construction put upon it by those who claim its recognition and sanction of the practice of slaveholding.

Mr. BARKSDALE—No, sir; you stand there to day an infamous, perjured villain (calls to order).

Mr. ASHMORE—Yes, he is a perjured villain; and he perjures himself every hour he occupies a seat on this floor (renewed calls to order).

Mr. SINGLETON—And a negro thief into the bargain.

Mr. LOVEJOY—I swore to support the Constitution, because I believe in it. I do not believe in their construction of it. It is as well known as any historical fact can be known that the framers of the Constitution so worded it that it never should recognize the idea of slave property, from the beginning to the ending of it. But the advocates of slavery have affirmed a strange doctrine in regard to the Constitution. They think that because I swore to support the Constitution, I swore to support the practice of slaveholding. Sir, slaveholding in Virginia is no more under the control or guarantee of the Constitution than slavery in Cuba, or Brazil, or any other part of the world, is under the control or guarantee of the Constitution—not one particle.

Mr. MCCLERNAND—I wish to ask the gentleman whether he has always held that the Constitution deserved to be sustained and accepted—whether, at any time in his life, he held that the Constitution ought to be trodden under foot?

Mr. LOVEJOY—Never, sir; never. I always defended it, and always will, whether it be against the Democrats, who pervert it, or the Disunionists, who trample on it.

Mr. MCCLERNAND—If the gentleman says he never said so, I am not prepared to contradict him, for I know nothing, personally, about it; but I had understood that the gentleman once uttered this language: that "the Constitution was a piece of rotten parchment that ought to be trodden under foot."

Mr. LOVEJOY—Yes; that was thrown in my face once before here, and I denied it. It never had the least foundation in truth. I always defended the Constitution, because it was for liberty. It was ordained by the people of the United States, not by a superannuated old mummy of a Judge—and a Jesuit at that—but by the people of the United States, to establish justice, secure the blessings of Liberty for themselves and their posterity, and to secure the natural rights of every human being within its exclusive jurisdiction. Therefore I love it. These men can perceive nothing in the Constitution but slavery. A young man leads a blushing bride to the altar, and takes the marital vow before God and attendant witnesses, to love, cherish, and protect her. There she stands, the divinest thing that God has fashioned and placed upon earth—radiant in the beauty of youth; her cheek glowing with the color of the rose, which expands and fades away into that of the lily; her eyes sparkling like the stars from the depths of blue, and her tresses falling around her neck like the locks of the morning. Is the mole on that fair round neck, or the wart on that plump, soft hand, THE WOMAN whom the bridegroom swore to love and cherish? Say, sir, is it? So there is the Constitution—instinct with Freedom, radiant with the principles of universal liberty, seizing the inspired utterances of our *Magna Charta*, and reducing them to practical and organic realization. Now, sir, I insist that if the clauses that are deemed to refer to the subject of slavery mean all that the wildest enthusiast claims them to mean, they bear no other relation or proportion to the Constitution which I swear to support than the excrescence on the hand or neck does to the woman whom the bridegroom vowed to love and cherish. He loves her not *for* these things, but in spite of them. So I love the Constitution, not in consequence of these things which are alleged to be in it, but in spite of them. But you will say the woman had a right to sport an excrescence on her hand if she chose. I concede it; and as a federal law-maker, I concede that the States have the right to sport this fungus of slavery, because it is beyond my reach. But time rolls away. This youthful pair have years of middle age upon them. Olive plants have sprung up around the parent stem. The woman has gone mad. She gloats over the excrescence, which has spread and covers her entire hand. She exclaims, "Husband, this is a dear, sweet darling, a real love of a wart, and I want to ingraft it on the hands of all our daughters. I had it when I was married; you vowed to protect me, and I claim the right to transfer it to all the children. If you do not, I will go to Indiana and get a divorce. I will dissolve the union between us." The husband, calm and firm, replies, "My dear, I have indulged you in this whim about your hand, because I took you for better or for worse, and I thought it one of your individual rights, which I was not at liberty to disturb. But if you propose to transfer this deformity to the daughters, I say, distinctly and decidedly, it cannot be done. This is my prerogative, and I must exercise it." So I say to the slavery propagandists who desire to transplant slavery to the Territories, and thus fasten it upon the daughters of the Republic, "My dears, it cannot be done." I say, therefore, Mr. Chairman, that there is no justification for this practice of slaveholding from the fact that the enslaved race are an inferior race; no justification from the pretended fact that it imparts Christianity and civilization to them; and none in the guarantees of the Constitution. Now, there are some Christian men on the other side of the House; I want to put it to them in all candor—for while I intend to speak of slaveholding with as severe terms of reprobation as I possibly can, I do not intend to offend any individual personally—I want to know of you, Christian gentlemen, how you are going to Christianize men when you do not give them homes?

A MEMBER—Give them what?

Mr. LOVEJOY—Homes; a legal sanction to the conjugal and parental relations. How are you going to Christianize men whom you turn out to herd together like the buffaloes that roam upon the Western prairies? You cannot do it. It may be asked, sir, when I confess that I have no control over this matter, why discuss it? why talk about it?

Mr. SINGLETON—I want to know if the gentleman gives homes—

Mr. LOVEJOY—I must decline to yield to the gentleman.

Mr. SINGLETON—I want to answer the gentleman's question by asking him another. I want to know if he gives homes to the negroes he carries from the South to Canada and other places?

A MEMBER—The negroes he steals?

The CHAIRMAN—The gentleman from Mississippi is not in order.

Mr. BARKSDALE—I hope my colleague will hold no parley with that perjured negro-thief.

Mr. LOVEJOY—It is asked, why discuss this question? Why talk about it, when it is confessed that we have no constitutional power to legislate upon it? I will tell you, Mr. Chairman. It will be recollected that Mr. Webster once said, when speaking of the threatened interposition of Russia to snatch Kossuth from the protection of Turkey, for the purpose of sacrificing him on the altar of despotism: "Gentlemen, there is something on earth greater than arbitrary or despotic power. The lightning has its power, and the whirlwind has its power, and the earthquake has its power: but there is something among men more capable of shaking despotic thrones than lightning, whirlwind, or earthquake; and that is the excited and aroused indignation of the whole civilized world."

Sir, before the public sentiment of the Christian and civilized world, I propose to hold up to universal reprobation this practice of slaveholding. I propose to hold it up in all its atrocity, in all its hideousness, just as gentlemen have been holding up the practice of polygamy, and reprobating it; and, sir, that public sentiment of the civilized world will burn upon this practice of slavery, and ultimately secure its removal in the only proper way—by the action of the slave States themselves. That is why I discuss it. Mr. Chairman, my time is passing away, and I must hasten on. I want to come to a few things that have been under discussion during the inchoate condition of the House, while this Hall was echoing with ululations that would have drowned the lupine chorus of the Alps, of Helper, and John Brown and incendiarism, the torch of the incendiary, and the knife of the assassin. One gentleman from Virginia stood up in his place, and wanted to know where there was a man who would indorse the Helper book. He wanted such a man, if there one was here, to stand up that he might look upon the traitor. Mr. Chairman, I, for one, signed the paper recommending the circulation of the Helper book. I signed it intelligently. I was neither engrossed nor abstracted. I did it because I wanted to do it; and now, if the gentleman wants to look upon that kind of a traitor, *me, me, adsum qui feci, in me convertite telum*; I did it. I will sign a recommendation for the circulation of any book that I choose, without asking permission of the gentleman from Missouri (Mr. Clark), or of any other gentleman in the House or out of the House. I will sign a paper recommending the circulation of the Bible or the Koran, Young's Night Thoughts, or Tom Moore's Anacreon, Jonathan Edwards on the Decrees, or Tom Paine's Age of Reason, just as I please.

I claim the privilege, as an American citizen, of writing my name and recommending the circulation of any and every book, without being held amenable to gentlemen upon this floor, or anywhere else. That is my answer in regard to it. I have more than that to say. I say nothing about some points in the book. I have no doubt that there is considerable bombast, and fustian, and violence of language in it, because the author was educated in a slave State; and the rhetoric which comes from that quarter is apt to have these characteristics (laughter). But the philosophy—the gist of the book—is what? It is the address of a citizen of a slave State to his fellow-citizens in regard to the subject of slavery, recommending in substance the organization of a Republican party in North Carolina and in all the other slave States. I hope to see that done; and I expect to see it done before very long. You may kill Cassius M. Clay, as you threaten to do; but "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." You may shed his blood, as you shed the blood of my brother on the banks of the Mississippi, twenty years ago—and what then? I am here to-day, thank God, to vindicate the principles baptized in his blood. You may shed his blood—and what then? A Republican party will spring up in Kentucky and in all the slave States ere long; and these disunionists and gentlemen whom you see so violent now, will be displaced by more moderate and—if I may say so without being offensive—more sensible men.

I believe in that doctrine. I do not endorse every expression in the Helper book for I have not studied every expression; but the philosophy of the book, the idea of organizing a party in the slave States as against slavery, I am in favor of, and I expect to see it accomplished. What is the objection to the book? The objection is that a citizen of the United States, an American citizen, addressed himself to his fellow-citizens, in a peaceful way, through the press, and for this you find fault with him, and say that he must be hanged; and that any man who signed a recommendation for the circulation of his book is a "blighting, blasting, burning, withering curse," and must not occupy that chair.

I want to know if it has come to this? Has not an American citizen a right to speak to an American citizen? I want the right of uttering in Richmond what I say here. I claim the right to say what I say here in Charleston.

Mr. BONHAM—You had better try it.

Mr. LOVEJOY—Yes, sir. I am going to invoke the aid of the General Government to protect me, as an American citizen, in my rights as an American citizen. I can go to England to day, and in London, or anywhere else, discuss the question of Church and State; I can discuss the question of a monarchical government as compared with a republican form of government. I can do this anywhere in England; but I cannot go into a slave State and open my lips in regard to the question of slavery——

Mr. MARTIN, of Virginia—No; we would hang you higher than Haman.

Mr. LOVEJOY—I cannot go to a slave State and utter my sentiments to free citizens like myself.

Mr. MILES—Can you go to England and incite the laboring classes to murder the aristocracy, or to assassinate the Queen?

Mr. LOVEJOY—I have no desire to, nor have I any desire to incite such things anywhere else; but I do claim the right of discussing this question of slavery anywhere, on any square foot of American soil over which the stars and stripes float, and to which the privileges and immunities of the Constitution extend. Under that Constitution, which guarantees to me free speech, I claim it, and I demand it.

Mr. BONHAM—I ask the gentleman why he does not attempt to assert his right?

Mr. LOVEJOY—Yes, sir. The gentleman comes from a slave State, in which they are in the habit of speaking of the laboring classes in the free States as 'greasy mechanics," "filthy operatives," "small-fisted farmers," and they jeer at us as more degraded than slaves. This insulting language can be, and is, used in the free States without molestation or injury. Yet, they say, "if you come here and utter the sentiments which you sincerely believe, we will hang you." If a mechanic from a free State goes there and utters the sentiment that he thinks—if they had more white laborers and fewer black ones, that labor in the South would be more respectable—what do you do with him? Denude him, scourge him, and, to intensify the indignity, you drive the knotted thong, by the hand of a slave, deep in his quivering flesh; then tar and feather him; and then put him on the cars, still naked, to be sent a long distance, and threaten with violence the man who has the compassion to give him a cup of coffee. And, finally, after being jeered at every station along the route, this victim of your cruelty, a free citizen, crawls into a stable and begs, stealthily begs, the cast-off clothes of an ostler to hide his nakedness. You drive away young ladies that go to teach school; imprison or exile preachers of the Gospel; and pay your debts by raising the mad dog cry of Abolition against the agents of your creditors.

Mr. BARKSDALE—The meanest slave in the South is your superior (cries of "Order!" from the Republican side).

Mr. MARTIN (Va.)—I hope gentlemen from the South will let him talk as he pleases; but go away and not listen to him.

A MEMBER, on the Republican side—Well, go. "Stand not on the order of your going, but go at once."

Mr. LOVEJOY—Mr. Chairman, I say I claim the privilege of going anywhere and everywhere within the limits of this American Republic, as a free citizen, unmolested, and of uttering, in an orderly and legal way, any sentiment that I choose to utter; and yet, are we allowed to do it? Are we, for that, in these United States, to be subjected to violence, outrage, tar and feathers, burning, imprisonment and the gallows? Answer that question. I know gentlemen say that self-preservation is the first law of nature; but if you cannot keep slavery and allow free discussion, then I say, in God's name, before free discussion and all the rights of free citizens are to be sacrificed to that Moloch of slavery, that Moloch must be immolated at the shrine of liberty, free speech, free discussion, and all those rights that cluster around an American citizen.

Why, Mr. Chairman, a citizen of Rome, when the scourge was already upraised, and about to fall upon him, if he uttered the cry, "I am a Roman citizen," it arrested that scourge. Well, sir, is not there more of a charm, is it not a prouder position to be an American than to be a Roman citizen? And are we in the nineteenth century, living under this Constitution, with our free institutions—are our persons and our rights to be less sacred than they were under the old Roman administration eighteen centuries ago and more? This is my response to the question why I recommended the circulation of the Helper book. Now, what about John Brown! [Cries of "Let's have it!"] This affair of John Brown brings us to the reality of things. This raid confronts us with slavery, and makes us ask is slaveholding right? and if so, what rights has it? When the curtain rose, and startled the nation with this tragedy, John Brown lay there like a wounded lion with his head upon his paws, a sabre cut on his brow, bayonet gashes in his side, the blood oozing out, and life itself apparently ebbing fast; around were certain little specimens of the canine species, sniffing and smelling, and finally one of them yelped out: "Mr. Lion, was the old war-horse that pastures on the Western Reserve with you in this expedition?" The lion slowly raised his head, cast a disdainful side glance upon the inquirer, growled out a contemptuous negative, and reposed his head as before. In regard to John Brown, you want me to curse him. I will not curse John Brown. You want me to pour out execrations upon the head of old Osawatomie. Though all the slaveholding Balaks in the country fill their houses with silver, and proffer it, I will not curse John Brown. I do honestly condemn what he did; from my stand-point, and with my convictions, I disapprove of his action, that is true; but I believe that his purpose was a good one—that, so far as his own motives before God were concerned, they were honest and truthful; and no one can deny that he stands head and shoulders above any other character that appeared on the stage in that tragedy from beginning to end—from the time he entered the armory there to the time when he was strangled by Governor "Fusation" (general laughter). He was not guilty of murder or treason. He did unquestionably violate the statute against aiding slaves to escape; but no blood was shed, except by the panic-stricken multitude, till Stevens was fired upon while waving a flag of truce. The only murder was that of Thompson, who was snatched from the heroic protection of a woman, and riddled with balls at the railroad bridge. Despotism has seldom sacrificed three nobler victims than Brown, Stevens and Hazlett.

"The Avon to the Severn runs;
The Severn to the sea;
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad
Wide as the waters be."

To continue the quotation from Mr. Webster, with a different application and a slight variation of the language, I say, gentlemen, if the blood of innocent men is taken by an absolute, unqualified, unjustifiable violation of natural law, what will it appease, what will it pacify? It will mingle with the earth; it will mix with the waters of the ocean; the whole civilized world will snuff it in the air, and it will return with awful retribution on the heads of those violators of natural law and universal justice. I cannot say when, or in what form; but, depend upon it, if such acts take place, then slavery must look out for the consequences.

As I remarked, Mr. Chairman, this brings us to confront slavery, and ask what right this Caliban has upon earth? I say no right. My honest conviction—and I do not know why gentlemen need take offence; they need not unless they choose—my honest conviction is that all these slaveholding laws have the same moral power and force that rules among pirates have for the distribution of their booty; that regulations among robbers have for the division of their spoils; and although I do not believe gentlemen have behaved very handsomely to me, I am going to add, notwithstanding, that I do not mean to say that gentlemen who are slaveholders would be guilty of these particular things—that is not the point—I am talking about this matter in the court of conscience, in the court of right and wrong; and I insist that any laws for enslaving men have just the same moral force as the arrangement among robbers and pirates for distributing their spoils. I want to know by what right you can come and make me a slave? I want to know by what right you can say that my child shall be your slave? I want to know by what right you say that the mother shall not have her child, given to her from God through the martyrdom of maternity? Hear that soft, exquisite warble of a mother's love:

"Ere last year's suns had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, ah! so lovingly,
Its tiny wings upon my breast."

Now where is the wretch who would dare to go up and take that fluttering and panting birdling from the bosom of its mother, and say, "It is mine: I will sell it like a calf; I will sell it like a pig?" What right had that mother to her babe? Was it because she was "Fanny Forrester," the gifted authoress? was it because she was the wife of a venerable and venerated missionary? No, it was because she was its MOTHER; and every slave mother has just as good a title to *her* babe as "Fanny Forrester" had to hers. No laws can make it right to rob her. I say, in God's name, my child is mine; and yet I have no right to mine that a slave father has not to his child. Not a particle. The same argument that proves my right to my personal liberty proves the right of every human being to his. The argument that proves my right to my children gives the same title, the same sacred claim, to every father. They, as I, get it from their God, and no human enactment can annul the claim. No, sir, never! Therefore, every slave has a right to his freedom, in spite of your slave laws. Every slave has a right to run away, in spite of your slave laws. I tell you, Mr. Chairman, and I tell you all, that if I were a slave, and had I the power, and were it necessary to achieve my freedom, I would not hesitate to fill up and bridge over the chasm that yawns between the hell of Slavery and the heaven of Freedom with the carcasses of the slain. Give me my freedom! Hands off! Unthrottle that man! Give him his liberty! He is entitled to it from his God! With these views, I do not think, of course, it is any harm to help away a slave. I told you that a year ago. I need not repeat it.

A MEMBER—"You steal them."

Who steals when a man comes and takes my child from my heartbstone? Who steals when he comes and takes the babe, flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone? Who steals? I tell you that I have no more hesitation in helping a fugitive slave than I have in snatching a lamb from the jaws of a wolf, or disengaging an infant from the talons of an eagle. Not a bit. Long enough has the nation crouched and cowered in the presence of this stupendous wrong. Here and now I break the spell, and disenchant the Republic from the incantation of this accursed sorceress. It is simply a question whether it will pay to go down into the den where the wolf is (laughter). If you would only go into your lair, and craunch the bones and tear the flesh of your victims, we might let you alone, but you will not. You claim the right to go with this flesh in your teeth all over our Territories. We deny it.

My time is passing; I must go on. I wanted to say considerable more about John Brown.

Mr. ADRAIN—I propose that we give the gentleman more time.

Mr. LOVEJOY—I will answer all questions if the House will give me more time. [Cries of "No! no!" "Give him time," &c.]

Mr. SINGLETON—No, sir; any *gentleman* shall have time, but not such a mean, despicable wretch as that!

Mr. LOVEJOY—When the Jews could not do anything else, they spit upon Christ, and said he was possessed of a devil (laughter). One of the earliest settlements of Virginia was made by a fugitive slave. John Smith was captured in war and sold to a high-toned, chivalrous Turk, and put to the task of threshing. The master rode up to the barn-door one day, and said, "Jack, you rascal, why don't you thresh faster?" Jack—*horresco referrens!*—flew at his master, killed him with his flail (oh for a Harper's Ferry Committee!), sprang into the vacant saddle and escaped, and came and settled Jamestown. Oh for a South-side preacher to admonish John to stay and serve his master, whose money he was, like a good "Christian dog"!

Let us look a moment at this question aside from its moral aspects. And I want to know what right slavery, or a slaveholder, has to go with slaves into the common Territories of the United States. You talk about the equality of the States, and I grant it. The citizens of a slave State have all the rights in the Territories that a citizen of a free State has. You have the right, I concede, to go into the common Territories and live there with any kind of property we can take, but you have not the right to take slaves. This is the distinction I make. At a liberal estimate there are not more than two millions of people in the United States interested in slave labor. There are only four hundred thousand slaveholders. There are thirty millions of people in this country. There are twenty-eight millions interested in the system of free labor, and two millions in that of slave labor. The free system accommodates some eight millions in the slave States better than the slave system. Here is the point. If slavery goes into the Territories, free labor cannot go there. The presence of slavery without any local law for the purpose is the exclusion of free labor. If you take slavery there, I cannot go there with *The N. Y. Tribune, The Evening Post, The Independent*, or any similar paper, religious or secular. I cannot go with the minister I desire to hear preach the Gospel. Free schools cannot go there. You say, indeed, we can go. Yes; so all may go to a public house. It is common to all who choose to make it their temporary abode. All are invited to the *table d'hote*. The landlord opens the doors of his dining-hall, and says, "Walk in, gentlemen"; but if a man sitting there is leprous, dripping with a contagious disease, no one will go in. It is really as much an exclusion as if the doors were closed and barred against his entrance. So, if slavery goes, freemen cannot go. I favor the equality of slavery goes, freemen cannot go. I favor the equality of States. I favor the right of every citizen of a slave State to go into the Territories;

ruled that it is not the slave trade, *i. e.*, the transportation of negroes from Africa to this country, but the stealing of negroes on foreign shores and landing them as slaves in the United States, which is declared piracy by the Act of May 15, 1820."

If we understand this language, it implies that a conviction cannot take place against any person engaged in the slave trade unless it can be proved that they joined in the kidnapping of the negroes on the African coast, transported them across the ocean, and actually landed them in the United States, with the intention of selling them into bondage. It is not enough that the vessels be fitted up especially for that description of "commerce"; that hundreds of wretched creatures be found on board, perhaps in chains, with every appearance of being landed for the slave market. The discovery of stolen goods on their possession can no longer convict these traders, unless they shall have been caught in the very act of stealing, and afterwards of bringing them into market.

If such be the decision rendered, it virtually removes every obstacle to the reopening of the African slave trade in all its magnitude and barbarity. Were a man-of-war station at the mouth of every creek on the entire African coast, its presence would be utterly useless. Possibly the telegraph may have erred—for the sake of humanity we trust it has; but after the strides which slavery has made in our national courts during the last few years, the public must be prepared for decisions the most abhorrent to the spirit of our laws.

POLYGAMY AND SLAVERY.

Polygamy and Slavery have well been called "twin barbarisms"; and if there be anything in the world which Slavery should treat tenderly, respectfully, generously, it is its own brother. Slavery has two million women at its disposal. It owns them as property—has full and undisputed possession of their persons by law, and, therefore, can get along without Polygamy; but that is no reason why it should snub that individual. Polygamy claims an illustrious parentage, and justifies itself by the Bible. King Solomon was a polygamist—the wisest man of old—with hundreds of wives and hundreds of concubines, the latter being a superfluity that even Brigham Young discards. King David was a polygamist—a man after God's own heart; and not so much fault appears to have been found with the number of his wives as with his way of getting them. All the old patriarchs seem to have been polygamists, and we venture the assertion that as much can be found in the Bible justifying polygamy as slavery. The Bible argument for the one runs parallel with the Bible argument for the other. If one is valid, the other is valid; and *vice versa*.

When, therefore, we see Southern men in Congress voting for the suppression of polygamy in Utah, we are surprised. It is not a fair thing for an advocate of slavery, with the persons of millions of women at the disposal of himself and his friends—so thoroughly at their disposal that pure black blood is getting scarce in some localities—to be hard on polygamy—particularly when both must go back to the Bible for justification, and stand or fall together. We are aware that slavery is rich and respectable, and that polygamy is poor and disreputable; but that is not a good reason why the former should ignore the latter. It is not the fault of polygamy that money cannot be made out of it. It has only to be rich, and to become a source of wealth, to be just as respectable as slavery. Does any one suppose that if the production of five million bales of cotton a year depended upon the perpetuation of polygamy in Utah, it would be voted down? Not at all. For the production of a smaller quantity than this, we kidnap men and women in Africa, hold four millions of them in forced servitude, buy them and sell them for gold, and debauch, scourge, burn, or shoot them, at will. If twenty women choose to live with one man in a territory on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, it strikes us that it is rather small business on the part of slavery to meddle with them. We pity the man and feel sorry for the women, but the idea of a slaveholder getting indignant about it!

So it strikes us that Utah, in the recent vote in the House of Representatives on the bill for the suppression of polygamy, has been ungeneerously used by our Southern brethren. And they have gone and stuck their foot into this popular sovereignty business, too, in the most awkward way in the world. How under the sun they could do it, with their eyes open to the fact that they were committing a fatal inconsistency—an inconsistency that was patent to everybody, even if it had not been pointed out by one of their own number—is matter of marvel to us. They declare by their vote that Congress *has* power to legislate for the Territories. They declare that it can abolish and forbid polygamy in the Territories; and by the same act they declare that it can abolish and forbid slavery. Without any reference to slavery, this act of Southern men yields the whole question of the power of Congress in the Territories, by legislating, or trying to legislate, out of existence that which is held as a portion of a divinely-inspired religion—thus taking the very strongest and most doubtful case that could be presented. We pity those Northern men whose party logic compelled them to vote against the bill. They ought to have a very thorough contempt of themselves when they are thus left to realize that slavery is, in fact, the only thing on which Congress has no right to legislate. They might have known this before, to be sure, but that would have left them without principles.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE TWO LOVEJOYS.

From The Toledo Blade.

The recent speech of Hon. Owen Lovejoy of Illinois, and the attempt made by the Democrats to intimidate and bully him into silence, have recalled the circumstances attending the death of his brother at the hands of the same stripe of men as the cowardly crew who exhibited their true characters in the House on the 5th inst.

Elijah P. Lovejoy, the brother of Owen Lovejoy, was a native of Maine, and was graduated at Waterville College in 1828. He practised law for some time in St. Louis, Mo., but subsequently entered the Church, became an agent of the Sunday School Union, and was finally selected to conduct a religious journal in St. Louis. In his editorial capacity, he maintained the right of an American citizen to free discussion; and when a free colored man was burned to death near St. Louis, he rebuked the savage outrage in such terms as it deserved; and for this he was driven out of the State of Missouri.

He next established himself at Alton, Illinois, and began the publication of a paper called *The Alton Observer*. In this journal he avowed his opposition to the system of slavery and published a long exposition of his views on the subject. Being on the border of a slave State, his words raised a storm of popular fury, and three times his office was demolished and his press destroyed; but his friends promptly came to his assistance, and replaced the property of which his enemies had robbed him, in violation of law and justice. The publication of *The Observer* was therefore resumed.

In November, 1837, Mr. Lovejoy's press having been recently destroyed and a new one ordered, a meeting was called, ostensibly for the purpose of allaying excitement, but really to intimidate the bold advocate of free speech. Mr. Lovejoy appeared at this meeting, and, in a brilliant and manly speech, defended the freedom of conscience and the liberty of the press. Soon after, his press arrived, and on the 7th of November, 1837, it was lodged in a stone warehouse, where Mr. Lovejoy and some of his friends took shelter, ready to defend it against the expected attack. The mob assembled the same night and fired upon the building; but failing to dislodge the occupants, they attempted to set fire to the warehouse. Mr. Lovejoy went out to prevent them, when he was shot dead, pierced with three buckshot.

Mr. Lovejoy left a wife and three children. Mrs. Lovejoy stood by him nobly in his trials, and particularly during a brutal assault upon him previous to the fatal affray at Alton. When Lovejoy's mother learned the tidings of his death, she exclaimed, "It is well. I had rather he should fall a martyr to his cause than prove recreant to his principles."

THE AMERICAN COOLIE TRADE.

By a curious coincidence, which we trust may not be altogether unprofitable to the cause of humanity, the Legislatures of England and America have been almost simultaneously called upon to consider the abuses of the coolie trade in the East. The report of Mr. Eliot, of Massachusetts, upon this traffic, has just been laid before the House of Representatives, and through the press before the people of the United States. In this report it was proved with terrible distinctness that in the absence of any regulations weighted with the national authority to restrain them from violating the instincts of humanity, American merchants and ship-masters have been gradually drawn into the most atrocious practices in connection with the coolie trade on the coasts of the Chinese Empire. The traditional horrors of the African middle-passage have been reenacted, are indeed continually reenacting, under the American flag in the Chinese ports and on the Indian seas. Men are kidnapped by the agents of American mercantile houses, huddled into the unventilated holds of American clipper-ships, restrained of their liberty by force of arms, transported thousands of miles to foreign lands, there disposed of under instruments which they cannot comprehend to masters whose language they do not speak, and condemned to labors which in nine cases out of ten can have no end but death, and to a life from which death is a welcome and desirable release.

Hardly have these disgraceful facts been authoritatively brought before us, when fresh and most damning confirmation of them reaches us from beyond the Atlantic. A Committee of the British Parliament is prosecuting a similar inquiry into the Chinese coolie trade, because the British Government is at this moment negotiating a treaty with the Emperor Napoleon for the relaxation of the restrictions hitherto imposed upon the Indian coolie trade with the colonial possessions of France. Before this Committee evidence has been laid, from the allied Anglo-French commander in the Chinese seas, pointing to the Americans as the chief actors in the abominable cruelties of the Chinese traffic. The details of this evidence have not yet reached us; but, with Mr. Eliot's report lying before Congress, we can have no excuse for delay in our action upon this matter. It is a question of national honor as well as of common humanity.—*N. Y. Times.*

A Bangor paper claims Hon. John F. Potter as a Maine boy. Very early in life he breathed the invigorating Eastern air of Augusta, and, when he attained to man's estate, married a Maine lady, his own cousin, and then emigrated to Wisconsin, where he has improved in estate and bodily presence, not to mention "pluck," in the freedom of Western life. Mr. Potter's father was John Potter, and his mother was born Caroline Fox, a daughter of John Fox, Sen., of Bangor.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twenty-Seventh Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the City of New York, at the Cooper Institute, on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 8th and 9th, commencing each day at 10 o'clock a. m.

Independent of all religious and political organizations, and dealing impartially with them all, this Society continues to pursue its grand distinctive object, THE IMMEDIATE AND TOTAL ABOLITION OF AMERICAN SLAVERY, without regard to geographical boundaries, by moral instrumentalities alone—animated by a spirit which seeks the safety, happiness and prosperity of every section of our widely-extended country, "knowing no East, no West, no North, no South," as such. Its "treason" is embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and its "fanaticism" in the Golden Rule. Declaring that man cannot be the property of man, it measures men, parties and institutions by this simple and unerring test, and will not yield to any compromise, or consent to any postponement of the claims of justice and humanity.

We trust it is needless to remind the members and friends of the Society that never were greater vigilance and activity demanded on their part than at the present time. The nation is just entering into another Presidential election, which will probably be unparalleled on the score of popular excitement, and which will present a powerful temptation to many to swerve from the strict line of rectitude, by lowering the Anti-Slavery standard for the sake of party success. "Let the dead bury their dead." Let us eschew all compromise and compromisers, and be faithful to our rallying-cry, "No Union with Slaveholders!"

There will be no lack of able and experienced speakers at the Anniversary. [Further particulars hereafter]

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

Wendell Phillips, C. C. Burleigh, } Secretaries.

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME.

The arrangements for the Anniversary Meetings of the American Anti-Slavery Society for 1860 are not yet completed, but they will not vary much, probably, from the following programme.

Tuesday Morning, May 8th, 10 *o'clock* [in the Cooper Institute]—The President, Wm Lloyd Garrison, in the chair. Speakers—Wm. Lloyd Garrison; Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D.; Robert Purvis, Esq. of Byberry, Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, of Seneca Falls, N. Y.; Wendell Phillips, Esq.

Tuesday Afternoon, 3 *o'clock*.—Meeting of the Society for business, not for public addresses, in the Committee Room, rear of the platform, in the Cooper Institute.

Tuesday Evening, 7½ *o'clock* [in the Cooper Institute].—Addresses by Rev. W. H. Furness, D.D., Philadelphia; Rev. Beriah Green, of Whitesboro, N. Y.; Rev. Arthur B Bradford, of Newcastle, Pa.; Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, of New York.

Wednesday Morning, 10 *o'cl ck* [in the Cooper Institute].—Speakers—Mrs. J. Elizabeth Jones, of Salem, Ohio; Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse; Edmund Quincy, of Boston; Rev. George F. Noyes, of New York.

Wednesday Afternoon, 3 *o'clock* [in the Cooper Institute].—Speakers—Wm. Wells Brown; Rev. M. D. Conway, of Cincinnati, and others.

[We repeat that this programme is liable to be changed in some of its details, to suit the convenience of speakers, or for other imperative reasons. We have not announced the name of any speaker who is not positively expected to be present, while we have forborne to mention several whom we hope to see, but of whose attendance we are not sure.]

NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Anniversary on Wednesday Evening, 9th inst. [in the Cooper Institute].—Speakers—Theodore Tilton, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison.

MR. HYATT'S CASE.

Our legislators at Washington, of all political opinions, seem to have suspended their law-making functions for the higher duty of President-making. It wanted but little of a vote to adjourn over all the Conventions, so as to leave the legislative mind free to devote itself entirely to the important business of manufacturing the Executive for the next four years. Hardly enough can be mustered to form a quorum in the House; and in the Senate, we believe, the very pretence of public business is laid aside. Our honorable legislators are scattered abroad, some to their farms and to their families, but more to their merchandizing in the wares with which the political market is conversant. The Church Political is in a State of dispersion and a virtual holiday is proclaimed for its members. The slaves of party have their Saturnalia, the Bowie knife sleeps in its sheath and the voice of the revolver is heard no more for a season in the land. It is high Carnival with them all, the Jubilee, when all the servants of the people look to become their lords. The great National Olympiad is at hand when all factions agree to abandon their other affairs to devote themselves to the contest of which all the inhabitants of the land—certainly, all citizens according to the Dred Scott decision—form the spectators and imagine themselves the judges that award the prize. We do not mean to complain of the loss of this portion of the nation's time which is thus appropriated to their own uses and pleasures by its servants, for it is a loss which is as likely as not a gain. In fact, the nation is never so well contented with its servants at Washington as when they are content to do nothing, except to talk and take their pay.

But while Senate and House are thus dispersing themselves over the country, to attend to their private affairs or to watch the preparations for the game that is soon to be played, with the Presidency for the stakes—perhaps, to load the dice and pack the cards that are to decide it—there is one man who is compelled to an enforced residence in the National Capital, with no chance of change of scene or of participation in the businesses or the conspiracies of politics. He has the key of the jail that belongs to all of us turned upon him, and is kept there as our prisoner and captive. While the Honorable Senate is frisking abroad, hatching Presidential plots or spending their time for their own profit or diversion, Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt is denied his personal liberty by them and imprisoned during their pleasure. The people of the United States, who are not willing to see all political authority concentrated at Washington, should not let the glamour with which the present political preparations dazzles their eyes hide that solitary captive from their sight. He stands for a principle much more important to all of us than any that is to be involved in the noisy conflict that impends over the country. It matters not much which party get the control of the government, if its machinery is to be perverted to the crushing out of private rights and personal liberty. For the construction of Senatorial prerogatives of which Mr. Hyatt is the victim is no theory of the pro-slavery Democracy alone. Republican Senators have said Amen to the *fiat* that has rolled the stone to the door of his living sepulchre. The privilege of dooming him, and any of the rest of us who may hold with him, to the punishment of a criminal, for refusing to recognize an assumption of arbitrary power, is as much a Republican as a Democratic doctrine, as appears just now, and there is nothing to be gained in that particular by the victory of the Oats rather than of the Ins.

What is the offence for which Mr. Hyatt is even now dreeing penance? For denying the right of the Senate to act as a Court of Criminal Judicature under the forms of a legislative body—to constitute itself the Grand Inquest of the Nation for the pursuit of offences and offenders against the Supreme Majesty of Slavery. We know that all this is masked under the pretext of procuring evidence for the purposes of legislation. But what hinders the Senate from devising whatever safeguards the ingenuity, sharpened by the fears, of the slaveholders can contrive against such invasions of the slave country as that of John Brown? Surely, the details of that movement are well enough known for the basis of any practicable preventive legislation, supposing any such to be needed. The double object of Senator Mason unquestionably was, first, to implicate prominent Republicans in that affair, and, secondly, to bring persons obnoxious to Virginia law within the reach of process or of abduction. The Republican Senators made a grave party blunder, in our estimation, when they permitted him to raise his Committee without opposition. And those who consented with him in the punishment of Mr. Hyatt were guilty of a still more serious partisan error in their swift complicity with that wrong done to liberty. These violent measures, they knew well, were aimed at their own best friends and warmest political supporters, and they interposed no arm to avert the blow. They might, or might not, have believed that the investigation would extract nothing against the men it struck at. But it was none the less a blunder to permit an extraordinary process, unknown to the Constitution—which, bad as it is, has not this aggravation to answer for—to be launched at their heads. The demand was an insolence and an insult, and should have been resented and resisted as such, much more the enforcement of it by the imprisonment of a citizen for resisting at the bar what they should have resisted in their places. The attack should have been made a purely Democratic and slaveholding one. By a division of the Republican Senators upon it, they have lost one of the most effective "Cries" that Fortune ever lent a party, and robbed it to this extent of its *prestige* by the acts which lost them its respect and confidence.

The argument on which this arbitrary proceeding mainly rests is most fatal in its ultimate results. If every measure which is convenient to legislation, or which can find a precedent in the practices of the British Parliament, at any period of its existence, is constitutional and legal, then we have indeed ill-exchanged the Parliament for the Congress. Torture and mutilation may be revived with the slave trade, if these methods be thought necessary to extract the facts necessary for legislation. The attempt to confound the powers of the Senate with those of the House of Lords, or of Congress with those of Parliament, is at once an insidious and an insolent attempt to clutch at unlawful power. The Parliament—King, Lords and Commons—is the British Constitution. It possesses political omnipotence, and whatever it chooses to make law *is* law, and constitutional law. It can change the whole structure of government, if it so pleases, without question. For no such change would be possible unless it was sustained and demanded by the nation. Our Congress is but the creature of the people, the Sovereign in contemplation of our laws at least, and all its powers and prerogatives are held and limited by the terms of the Commission, called the Constitution, which it receives from that Sovereign, with whom alone political omnipotence rests. What just analogy can be drawn from the precedents of a sovereign body, like the British Parliament, as to the privileges of its constituent parts, that can justify such outrages on personal liberty as the one wreaked on Mr. Hyatt and as that attempted on the person of Mr. Sanborn? The legal tribunals furnish sufficient means for the investigation of crimes. If any conspiracy to commit a crime, recognized as such by national law, was suspected to exist in any District, the Grand Jury of that District was competent to inquire into it and to compel testimony. The facts thus elicited, on the mere hypothesis that they existed, might be used for the basis of legislation. The pretext is too shallow to conceal the underlying purpose of the slavocracy, which the Republicans were weak enough to promote—to make use of the very mildest qualification of their conduct—for it is not to be supposed that they were too blind to discern it.

Mr. Hyatt's treatment at the hands of the Republican party, as represented by its press, has been neither honorable nor wise. There has been too much disposition to join in the Democratic and slavocratic slang, that he is an Amateur Martyr, who is suffering not for conscience-sake, but from obstinacy or a love of notoriety. He has not been well stood by. Either the magnitude of the principle for which he suffers imprisonment is not perceived, or it is worked out of sight, lest a manly stand might damage some possible Presidential candidate. The destruction of Constitutional liberty, as far as anything of the kind ever existed on the continent of Europe, has been worked by Centralization. The privileges of the cities, the customs of the provinces, the independence of the nobility, even, were all restraints on the sovereign power, which kept it within limits of some kind. The struggle was ever between the king or kaiser and these *quasi* independent powers, for authority. On the continent the concentration of power in the hands of the Chief of the State was gradually effected, and despotism reigned supreme. In England, the same struggle happily ended otherwise; but it was through long strifes and by many sacrifices and with many hair's-breadth escapes. The tendency to Centralization is the same in this country as in those of the Old World. It grows out of the constitution of human nature, which the Constitution of the United States is not strong enough to resist. The Democratic party, which grew up as the steadfast enemy of Federal Power, is now its most obsequious tool and readiest slave. The Omnipotence of Congress, the Absolute Power of the Supreme Court to declare what is Law, the Authority of the Executive to stretch itself into the domain of the States—these are doctrines which are gaining ground and are held up as the true Creed of the Model Republic. It is for heresy, for schismatic action, towards this creed that Mr. Hyatt is now in durance. It is a small matter, is it, that he refuses to do? He knows nothing, it is said, and he chooses to suffer the loss of his liberty rather than say so. So it was a small thing for Hampden to pay his share of the Shipmoney, and for the men of '65 to buy Stamps for their law-papers and notes of hand. But behind those harmless actions lay the admission of the right of arbitrary taxation. Resistance to those tentatives of tyranny has made immortal names for the recusants. Mr. Hyatt stands in a gap not less vital to be maintained. Behind him chafes the flood of Centralized Tyranny, ready to overflow all the dykes of National or State Constitutions devised to keep it at bay. If the North does not discern the critical importance of his position and refuses to hold him in high honor for seizing and holding it, why, the worse it is for the North and for the cause of freedom everywhere.

THE INDEPENDENT.

An Orthodox clergyman, who is the pastor of a Church in New England, and whose soundness in the "evangelical" faith is unimpeached and unimpeachable, writes us as follows:

"I am glad to see you are meeting, as it deserves, that renewed attack upon Mr. Garrison by *The Independent*. It is too late in the day to hurt Garrison or abolitionism by that 'mad-dog' cry. The charge of infidelity can be easier made to stick upon *The New York Observer & Co.* now than upon Garrison and abolitionism. Had we not in future better designate such traitors to Christianity as 'the infidels of *The New York Observer* school'?

"It is high time that pretenders to anti-slavery, who are systematic maligners of abolitionism and Abolitionists, should be shown up."

We have no doubt that our correspondent expresses the sentiment of thousands of the best orthodox people in the land, including ministers not a few. The South-side Adamses, the Blagdens, the Lords, the Springs and the Bethunes, who prostitute the Bible and blaspheme the name of Christ in the service of slavery, are often eulogized in *The Independent* as men eminent for piety and "bright particular stars" in the firmament of orthodoxy; while Garrison, whose reverence for God and his laws is conspicuous in all his writings, and whose love for Christ is exhibited in a life conformed, in an eminent degree, to his precepts and example, and consecrated to the welfare of a down-trodden race, is branded by that journal as "an infidel of a most degraded class." The animus of the Protestant Jesuits who control the columns of that paper is too clear to be mistaken. Mr. Bowen, the proprietor, we presume from our limited acquaintance with him, must regard their conduct in this particular with strong disapprobation; and we think he owes it to his character as an honorable man, to say nothing of his reputation as a Christian and an Abolitionist, to put his paper into hands that will not make it a vehicle of such calumny.

THE LEMMON CASE.

The Court of Appeals has affirmed the decision of the Court below, whereby Jonathan Lemmon was declared not entitled to bring his slaves into and hold them in slavery in this State while on his way with them from one slave State to another. The Judges concurring in this opinion were five, viz., Denio, Wright, Wells, Bacon, Davies—the first a Democrat, the last three Republicans. Three Judges dissented, viz., Clark, Selden, Comstock—the first two Democrats, the last an American, or Know-Nothing. What an ominous fact, that three Judges of the highest Court in the Empire State recorded their deliberate judgment that the Constitution of the United States recognizes slaves as property, and that the people have no power to prevent the traffickers in human flesh from driving their coffles through our streets and over our highways, in transporting them from one slave State to another. The judgment of the Court in opposition to this infamous doctrine was pronounced by Justice Denio, in an opinion for which we may, perhaps, find room next week. Judge Wright read a concurring opinion, which is understood to have expressed more exactly the views of the four Republican Justices. Judge Clerk read an elaborate opinion on the side of the minority, of which this is the substance:

"The error into which the Judge who decided this case in the first instance fell consisted in supposing, because the law of nations refused to recognize slaves as property, the several States of this Union were at liberty to do the same; forgetting that the compact by which the latter are governed in their relations toward each other modifies the law of nations in this respect; and while each particular State is at liberty to abolish or retain slavery in reference to its own inhabitants and within its own borders, as its sense of right or expediency may dictate, is not permitted, in its dealings or intercourse with other States, or their inhabitants, to ignore the right to property in the labor and service of persons *in transitu* from those States.

"The Supreme Court having fallen into the same error, their order should be reversed.

"To avoid the possibility of misapprehension, I will briefly recapitulate the positions which I hold in the foregoing Opinion.

"Every State is at liberty, in reference to all who come within its territory, with the intent of taking up their abode in it for any length of time, to declare what can, or cannot, be held as property.

"As, however, by the law, or implied agreement which regulates the intercourse of separate and independent nations toward each other, all things belonging to the citizens of any one nation, recognized as property by that law, are exempt in their passage through the territory of any other, from all interference and control of the latter; so, *a fortiori*, by the positive compact, which regulates the dealings and intercourse of these States toward each other, things belonging to the citizen of any one State, recognized as property by that compact, are exempt in their passage through the territory of any other State, from all interference and control of the latter.

"The right to the labor and service of persons held in slavery is incontestibly recognized as property in the Constitution of the United States.

"That portion of the act of the Legislature of this State which declares that a slave brought into it belonging to a person not an inhabitant of it shall be free, is unconstitutional and void, so far as it applies to a citizen of any other State of this Union, where the right to property in the service and labor of slaves exists, who is passing through this State, and who has no intention of remaining here a moment longer than the exigencies of his journey require."

—Judges Comstock and Selden only say:

Lemmon vs. The People.

Comstock, Ch. J.—Observed in substance that, since the last term of the Court, his time had been wholly occupied in an examination of other causes argued at that term. To this case, therefore, he had not yet been able to give the attention which its importance might justify. He had no hesitation in declaring it to be his opinion that the legislation of this State, on which the question in the case depends, is directly opposed to the rules of comity and justice which ought to regulate intercourse between the States of this Union; and he was not prepared to hold that such legislation does not violate the obligations imposed on all the States by the Federal Constitution. Without, however, wishing to delay the decision which a majority of his brethren were prepared to make, he contented himself with dissenting from the judgment.

The People ex rel. Louis Napoleon vs. Jonathan Lemmon.

Selden, J.—I have been prevented by want of time, and the pressure of other duties, from giving to this case that careful examination which is due to its importance, and to the elaborate and able arguments of the counsel, and am not prepared, therefore, definitely to determine whether the act of 1841 is or is not in conflict with any express provisions of the United States Constitution. But, however this may be, I cannot but regard it as a gross violation of those principles of justice and comity which should at all times pervade our inter-State legislation, as well as wholly inconsistent with the general spirit of our national compact. While, therefore, I am not prepared at this time to give such reasons as would justify me in holding the law to be void, I am equally unprepared to concur in the conclusion to which the majority of my associates have arrived.

It is fortunate for the cause of freedom and for the honor of our Jurisprudence that the majority of the men composing the Court of Appeals were not members of the Democratic party. If the bench had been filled with men wearing the Tammany collar, there would be now no legal obstacle in the way of any slave-driver who might wish to parade his coffle of human merchandise in Broadway or the Fifth Avenue, or call the roll of them on the battle-field of Saratoga or under the shadow of any of our Church steeples! Is not this a "glorious Union"?

DR. CHEEVER ON SLAVERY.

Dr. Cheever, in spite of the threatening aspect of the weather, was greeted last Sunday evening by a crowded house. His discourse was a masterly exhibition of the wickedness of slavery in compelling its victims to toil without wages. He showed that this injustice, so far from finding any warrant in the Bible, was denounced in that book as a sin. He also showed by a variety of arguments and illustrations that this sin is as injurious in its effects upon the pecuniary interests as upon the morals of the people. The wastefulness of slavery was a part of God's punishment of the perpetrators of the iniquity. If the slaves were free laborers, the wealth both of the South and of the North would speedily be doubled; the blacks would do more work, produce more, would require more, and pay for more—so that the trade between the North and the South would be vastly increased. In fact, the cotton merchants who thought they were working for their interests in sustaining slavery were in reality perpetuating a system which, if continued, would result in the utter destruction of their trade, a system which produced slave insurrections, John Brown forays and the destruction of freedom of speech even for the slaveholder. Tilling the earth by stealing men's wages cost more than it came to. If you had a stream which would drive 100,000 mills, would it pay to build a thousand steam engines to be worked by spirits of turpentine and gun-cotton, and dam the stream to keep it out of the way? This was only what it was to use slave labor instead of free.

Dr. Cheever will resume the subject to-morrow (Sunday) evening, when he will set forth the duty of the Church and the Ministry in respect to slavery, and show the depth of the guilt which they incur in refusing to obey God by proclaiming his law of liberty and equality. Every friend of uncompromising anti-slavery in the city should make it a point to attend.

SLAVERY AMONG THE INDIANS.

The effects of the toleration of slavery by the American Board in the Indian Territories of the South-West are now seen in the determined efforts of the slaveholders to form a new slaveholding State out of those Territories. The Missionaries of the Board having admitted slavery into the Churches and thus given it the apparent sanction of Christianity, it is natural that the politicians of the South should be encouraged in their efforts to incorporate a new State pledged to maintain and perpetuate the iniquity. Read the following extract of a letter from the Indian country, which we copy from the St. Louis *Democrat*:

"There is a secret political association formed in the South for the purpose of securing all the available territory to the Slave Power. Their efforts are just now directed to this vast and fertile country, known as the Indian Territory. Their plan is to induce the several nations to sectionize their respective domains, retaining a section for every man, woman and child, and reserving the surplus for sale, with the understanding that no land is to be sold to Northern emigrants, and that none but those who are '*sound on the goose*' are to be allowed to settle in the country thus dedicated to slavery. The secret society of propagandists already have active agents and emissaries among the civilized Indians, zealously laboring to carry out their schemes. I have good reason for believing that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Superintendent, and the Indian Agents—all officers of the General Government—are conniving at, if not actually aiding in, these propagandist schemes. This new secret political organization boasts of being a power—of being strong in numbers, influence and material means. It needs watching. I happened, by accident, to come in possession of some of its secrets and movements—enough to know of its existence and object. I do not ask you to take my word for it. Keep a lookout, and their schemes will develop themselves. I am of the opinion that they are going to meet considerable opposition among the people whom they attempt to hoodwink. But no one can tell now what the final result will be. There is a large fund to be applied to bribery."

WILLIAM STILL.

One of the most difficult and at the same time most delicate duties that certain Abolitionists have to perform is that of exposing the false pretences of a class of mendicants who live by groundless appeals to anti-slavery sympathies. We perceive that our highly-esteemed friend and valued coadjutor, William Still, of Philadelphia, has been getting into difficulty by his efforts rightly to discharge this thankless function. A libel suit which has been for some time pending in that city against him has resulted in a sentence ordering him to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and undergo an imprisonment of ten days. The facts of the case, so far as we have been able to ascertain them, are, in a few words, as follows:

A woman of color named Ellen Wells, formerly a slave in St. Louis, has been travelling through the country raising money, for the purpose, according to her statements, of purchasing out of slavery her mother, her child, and several other relatives not so nearly connected. She has gone West as far as California, East as far as Boston, and North as far as Canada, and has succeeded in collecting funds to quite a large amount. She visited Philadelphia about a year ago, on this errand, and while there took up her abode with William Still, who keeps a private boarding-house. Mr. Still, for reasons satisfactory to himself, did not cooperate, at least to any great extent, in promoting Mrs. Wells's object. Leaving Philadelphia, she went to Boston, where she was largely successful in raising money from members of the Legislature, from religious conventions and other sources. An acquaintance of Mr. Still's, then temporarily in Boston, wrote to him making inquiries as to Mrs. Wells's character. This letter, Mr. Still, in the freedom of a correspondence strictly private, answered without reserve. His letter was shown to Mrs. Wells by a party into whose hands it had accidentally fallen, and she was allowed to to take a copy of it. This copy was made the basis of the suit for libel already referred to. As the letter really was legally and technically libellous, Mr. Still was advised by his counsel to plead "guilty," and adduce proof of character and of the absence of malicious intention, in mitigation of sentence; which he did. The Court ordered him to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and spend ten days in Moyamensing.

We hear that our friend bears his misfortune joyfully, feeling assured that he is suffering for having performed, to the best of his knowledge and belief, what he regarded as his duty. None who know him, and especially none who are acquainted with the circumstances of the case, will allow for a moment their estimation of his character to undergo any diminution from what has happened. Of all the estimable colored men we know, and their number is not small, there is not one who, in conscientiousness, kindness of heart, devotedness to the interests of his race, and to the cause of Freedom, stands higher than William Still of Philadelphia. We are not surprised to learn that he bears his affliction with cheerfulness, and are pleased to know that he is to have an early deliverance. His term of imprisonment expires next Wednesday.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Sir: I feel called on to protest against the unqualified praise bestowed in your columns on *Littell's Living Age*. I think that publication is far from being entitled to so much commendation, and wonder that some of our anti-slavery friends have not called attention to its deficiencies before now.

In its earlier volumes *The Living Age* was, I think, in point of literary merit, much superior to what it is now. It has become a mere repository of tales, which occupy a large portion of its space, and does not give nearly so much of the valuable and important product of the periodical literature of the Continent and of England as it once did. It seems to me, too, that the large space devoted to extracts from the editorial speculations of the English press on the topics of the day is just so much wasted. These speculations not unfrequently contradict each other, or are shown to have no foundation by events occurring before they are published in this country. They are of no more permanent value than the editorials of our own daily papers, which are read one day and forgotten the next. The space occupied by them might be filled with much more interesting and important matter.

But these are, perhaps, matters of individual taste. My main objection to *The Living Age* is its one-sided and bigoted character. In a publication with so ambitious a title, and professing to present the intellectual activity of the age, one would expect that all varieties of opinion, all the movements of the age, would be allowed a fair chance to be heard. But this is not the case. *The Living Age* is entirely devoted to the interests of American Orthodoxy. We look in vain in its columns for any exposition of the liberal and independent thought of Europe. Nothing is admitted which can offend Orthodox prejudices. The results of Biblical criticism, or of scientific research which go to shake the belief in the infallibility of the Bible, or of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and the free expressions of thought on religious topics, are entirely excluded. Hardly once a year does an article from *The Westminster Review*, certainly one of the ablest of the English Quarterlies, and the organ of the progressive minds of England, appear in *The Living Age*. On this account I think it deserves to be rebuked, and, unless it can show more impartiality, to lose the confidence and support of liberal-minded men and women. Y. Y.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

Our praise of *The Living Age* has not been without discrimination. More than once have we spoken regretfully of its "conservative" character and of its attitude toward unpopular opinions and reforms. Mr. Littell, we believe, is an Orthodox Episcopalian, and naturally careful to keep out of his pages much that we would gladly see in them; but the field of literature is wide, and the contents of *The Living Age* are generally so good that we value it highly in spite of its faults. Our correspondent, we think, speaks quite too disparagingly of the extracts from the English press upon the current politics of Europe. Of course they are often contradictory, representing as they do the opinions of parties differing widely from each other; but how is an American to understand the politics of the Old World who does not study the utterances of its press? We regret that Mr. Littell devotes so much of his space to fiction, but he does it, we suppose, in deference to the taste of the time, which runs very strongly in that direction.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW MOVEMENT.

Albany, April 20, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

It is known that no Personal Liberty law was enacted by the Legislature just adjourned. It may be asked what has the Committee having the matter in charge outside the Legislature done? One of the objects of the Committee in undertaking to procure the passage of a Personal Liberty bill was to draw the attention of the people to the subject of slavery, and especially to the iniquity of the Fugitive Slave act. The repeal of this latter act will soon be the work in hand. The Committee, as early as September last, begun by distributing blank petitions and circulars through the State. After the Legislature met, the Committee used all their influence to persuade different members to make speeches on the bill; and contributed as far as their means would allow to the printing of the speeches and the Report of the Committee of the Assembly. Let us sum up the printed documents we have thus been able to circulate:

Circulars and Petitions (really Tracts)	6 000
Mr. Powell's Report on the Bill	7 000
Mr. Maxon's Speech on the Bill	3 000
Mr. Barnett's Speech on the Bill	1 000
Mr. Johnson's Speech on the Bill	1 000
Mr. H. Smith's Speech on the Bill	1 000
Mr. Savage's Speech on the Bill	1 000
Mr. Ellsworth's Speech on the Bill	1 000
William Goodell's Tract on the Bill	500
	21,500

To this should be added the circulation which all the speeches had in *The Albany Evening Journal* and in the County papers of each member named, swelling the whole circulation of anti-slavery tracts to over 100,000 copies!

When it is added that the whole receipts of the Committee were less than $75, and that a considerable sum had to be expended for postage, envelopes, express charges, &c., it will be acknowledged, we think, that the labors of the Committee have not been entirely lost. We intend to enter immediately upon a new campaign. From our location at the Capital of the State, we have facilities for reaching a large number of people. We ask the cooperation of all who are friendly to the cause.

The Secretary.

The National Convention of the Sham Democracy assembled at Charleston, S. C., on Monday, to lay down a party platform and nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. It had made little progress when last heard from. Douglas seems to have the best chance of the Presidential nomination.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.....XXIX.

April 9th, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Sir: After reading Mr. Seward's speech, our next interest was in seeing what was said of it in your newspapers. The effect is to show us once more, what we have often had occasion to discover, how difficult it is for the best-disposed of us, your English friends, to understand the affairs and views of our brethren of another country. We had supposed it completely understood that no aspirant to the Presidentship could be an Abolitionist, in the genuine and practical sense of the term; in other words, it seemed to us inevitable that a man who proposes to be your President must be a Union-saver; must consider it his duty, in the first place, to save the Union. Moreover, it is inconceivable to us that any man who would undertake to govern North and South as one country and people can possibly ent

Belgium and its guarantees ought to be arming. We go on opening our trade with the French people, while urging on our preparations for war with their Sultan.

Meantime, nothing can well be graver than the aspect of affairs, though every country in Europe wishes for peace—with the fatal exception of France. The only question has for some time been where the stand shall be made against French aggression. The Emperor has determined *that* by his menaces to the free, harmless, peaceful republic of Switzerland. The stronger powers are pledged to the protection of Switzerland; and they will fulfil their duty, no doubt, however the French or anybody else may mock at the smallness of the territory which the Emperor will be forbidden to annex. There are signs of hesitation in him; but if he yields this point for the moment, he will presently raise another. The universal expectation is of a struggle between France and its neighbors, ending as before in the impoverishment and retrogression of France, the destruction of one generation of its young men, the overthrow of the Bonapartes, and the ignominious fall of their head. His fall will be even lower than his predecessor's, for his usurpation has been more indefensible, and his course is an aggression upon a higher civilization. He has, however, a clearer foresight of the end, and has prepared a kingdom for himself in Algeria, if driven from France, with an army which will give him the command of the coasts of both Spain and France. Such schemes of such men never answer, however. When he has outraged society at home and abroad to a certain extent, human nature will prove too strong for him, and he will meet the fate he is daily preparing. In disclosing his quality as a man, he has lessened his power as a ruler. He is a fearful scourge; but some of us always knew it; and it is a comfort that all the world knows it now.

It seems as if the world must be very old when one says that the Pope's Bull of Excommunication is not worth writing about; but it is even so. Most people laugh, and nobody cries. Pity for the fatuous old man and contempt of his advisers may be felt by some good people; but, on the whole, the document is regarded as an article for a curiosity shop. It will not hurt the King of Sardinia or anybody else.

As I close each letter to you, I anticipate having to speak of some outbreak of war in the next. This time, it is something more than a revolt in Sicily or the East, or a conflict in the Papal States, or a new outbreak on the part of Austria, that I have to notice. It is the complete exposure of that bad faith and rapacity in the French Emperor which comprehend within themselves a half-century of wars, involving the nations of a continent. How long will our civilization admit of one man ruining the lives of so many men, and retarding the progress of so many States? The power of the Bonapartes is not only a barbarism in itself, but a sign of prevalent barbarism.

H. M.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.....No. XIX.

MARCH 21, 1860.

WE are, at last, beginning to see clearer in the *imbroglio* of Italy. The Italians, after the agitation of not less than nine different solutions between themselves and France about the settlement of the difficulties arising from the Villafranca peace, have at last had their own will. The partisans of the Emperor here pretend that he always intended that it should be so, and only made so many difficulties, and entangled himself in so much diplomacy, in order to escape from the Villafranca preliminaries, and to appear not to have broken his word to the young Austrian Emperor. This apology will hardly improve the world's opinion of the present ruler of France. It may be a very brilliant piece of diplomacy to make promises and then to render their execution thoroughly impossible, but it is not in accordance with the laws of common honesty. But the moral sense of many people is so low, under the corrupting influences acting on minds deprived of liberty, that I hear many praises, from all sides, of Bonaparte's cunning in this Italian question. I, for my part, at the risk of appearing very simple, do not believe that when he promised that the Italian Archdukes should be restored, he was determined that they should not. I do not think that when he made the plan of an Italian Confederation, with the Pope at its head, it was a mere play of imagination on his part. I do not think that when he blamed the Italians for not adopting his plans, he attached no value to this expression of displeasure. I do not think that when he threatened the Italians to abandon them in case they should renew the war, and told them that France would take no part in it, because "France had accomplished its task," he was only writing hollow phrases, for the amusement of posterity. I do not think that when he signed the peace of Zurich, he intended that the conditions of that peace should never be executed. I think that he did not lead events, but was led by them; that he was unable to resist the will of the people in Italy, supported by the policy of England. Cavour understood the position of his ally when he said of him, "He may say and write what he chooses; I know he must follow me. We threw ourselves together in the water; I am swimming—he must swim too." It is, indeed, a curious spectacle to see a nation win its own, and, struggling among so many difficulties, obtain at last what it wanted from the first. A part of this result is owing to England. Lord John Russell gave a hearty support to Central Italy, and it was acknowledged by M. Thouvenel in one of his despatches. But the greatest part of this result is owing to the excellent conduct of the Italians, to their determination, to their calmness, amid so many troubles. Cavour has won a great glory, but it has been partly sullied by his behavior towards Savoy. The King of Piedmont, people say here, has not only sold his daughter for Italy; he is now selling his cradle. The argument invoked by Cavour during the whole of the last difficulties in Central Italy has been the will of the people, and their right to choose their own government. Why did he renounce this principle in the case of Savoy? Why did he sign a treaty handing over Savoy and Nice to France, without consulting the Savoyards? Many, I am assured, wish to become French, but many are loyal to Piedmont, and many others wish to become Swiss. There has been a deputation of a few Savoyard gentlemen, who came to Paris to present to the Emperor of the French the expression of the wishes of their country. But no one had appointed them. They had no right to speak for a whole population; and it is rather curious that the very chief of the deputation, Count Greyfié de Ballecombe, killed, with a rifle, from his own window, one of the poor Frenchmen who, after the proclamation of the Republic in 1848, entered Chambéry, to propose to the Savoyards to become French. A troop of republicans entered the town, with tri-colored flags, singing patriotic songs; but they were received with grape-shot, and Count Greyfié received a decoration at that time for his loyalty. How is it that, since ten years, the idea of annexation to France has made such progress in his mind? Perhaps it might be explained by a promise made to him of a senatorship in Paris. Taking this Savoy affair in a serious point of view, I think that if the Savoyards had been properly consulted, and if the majority had expressed a desire to become French, there could have been no objection to a cession made by the King of Savoy, provided the Swiss neutrality should be respected. But there has been such a deal of lying on all sides, on this question, that one cannot help looking on it with disgust. That the Emperor and his minister should have lied several times to England and Switzerland is only in conformity with all their behavior; but Cavour himself has been spoiled by his ally. Why did he declare, when it was false, that the King had no intention of selling or giving up this province? Why did M. Nigro, his minister here, assure the same thing to a very well-known statesman, two months ago? We are, thanks to certain influences, living in a sea of lies. Prussia reproached, not long ago, the Emperor of Austria for having made a sudden peace, without waiting for the support she was on the point of giving to him. We now see by an English blue-book that at the same time Prussia was making reproaches to the French Emperor, for his forgetting that she had rendered him an immense service during the war, and kept down Germany, all ready to fight for Austria. There is in all the cabinets of Europe a weakness, a mediocrity—I should almost say an imbecility—which opens the way to all the designs and plans of an unscrupulous sovereign, who has at his disposition a large and invincible military force, and who has the means in his own country of directing public opinion, by a bribed press, in whatever channels he chooses. Such a force is almost overwhelming, and the prestige of constant success makes it the more terrible. Will it sweep everything, or will it be arrested by some difficulty which Providence keeps in reserve? I do not yet see that grain of sand Pascal speaks of, which can overturn the balance of the world. The echoes of the speeches of the English Parliament will soon die away, but the grasp of France on the mighty mountains, where lie the roads to Italy, will not be relaxed. The empire of the "sick man" that Nicholas spoke of will soon crumble in pieces; and when Russia and Austria take their parts, will not Bonaparte ask for a compensation? It will be as now with Savoy: as the aggrandizement of Italy, which he prepared, obliges him to strengthen himself with Savoy, so the division of the Turkey between Russia and Austria, which he will prepare, will oblige him to strengthen himself by taking Belgium and the provinces of the Rhine. This is not a mere dream: our present Minister of Foreign Affairs comes from the East, and knows that the sick man is dying; and the spoils will be soon divided. But England?—but Prussia?—what will they do? They will meditate, perhaps, too late upon the difficulty of preserving the rank and influence of a great power, without accomplishing all its duties, at all times.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 23, 1860.

NOTHING but the Charleston bubbub, of course, the last week, as well as the present, and speculations as to the nomination till the nomination; and after it, ditto as to the probabilities of the election of the nominee. If Douglas is nominated, it will be a bitter pill for the slaveholders, but he *won't be* unless they feel certain of his faithful support of slavery and believe him to be the only man who can beat the Republicans. These two conditions are necessary to Douglas's success at Charleston; and if he is not taken up, it is because the South either dare not trust him or have doubts as to his availability. If he is defeated in the Nominating Convention, it is a most humiliating blow at the Northern Democrats, but the fellows have always travelled in the valley of humiliation, and won't mind that. Eating dirt is not a pleasant pastime to an Anglo Saxon, but it agrees very well with a South American Indian.

Of course, the Democrats, pro and anti-Douglas, are greatly exercised "about these days," and each faction foretells the destruction of the party in case the other is successful. Let us hope *both* are right.

The Republicans look anxiously towards Charleston, anticipating action at Chicago to correspond with that of the Democratic Convention, or to offset it. If any man but Douglas is put up by the slave-drivers, it would seem as if Mr. Seward's chances were beyond doubt at Chicago. I hear that if he is rejected, the Germans, led by Carl Schurz and other eloquent men, will at once call a public meeting and refuse to support the nominee. Such is the rumor here. Undoubtedly, if Seward is dropt, there is great danger of losing the entire anti-slavery German vote. On the other hand, with Seward up, the moderates are lost. The Republican party seems to be in the predicament of the Canadian ferryman with the fugitive slave on his boat. Stop! cries the slaveholder, or I'll *blow* your brains out! Go on! says the fugitive, or I'll *knock* them out with this oar! Nominate Seward, or we will bolt, cry the Germans at the West. Nominate Seward, and *we* will bolt, cry the old fogies. You remember how the ferryman settled the question—"I must die anyhow, and I'll die *doing right!*" and on he pushed his craft with the courage and energy of a man conscious of doing God service—*and he saved his life*, as well as the slave's!

I don't believe everything depends upon William H. Seward. I very much doubt if he would make a better President than Judge McLean or Mr. Bates. Many things of late, little things, look to me as if Mr. Seward was paying court to "conservatism," as it is called. Once in the President's chair, I fear he would aim more at satisfying the South than the North. In all important matters, Bates would prove to be as anti-slavery as Seward. Would Bates execute the Fugitive Slave law? Please be kind enough to say if Mr. Seward would not do the same thing! The only reason why the election of Mr. Seward as President would be a greater and more decided anti-slavery triumph than that of Bates or McLean is the simple fact that he, Seward, is the terror of the South, and has the reputation of being a monster of an Abolitionist in the slave States. It is not that he would *do* any more for the poor slave than Mr. Bates.

There has not been much doing in Congress since my last. The Convention over-rides Congress. Gov. Walker's letter, or rather the President's letter to Gov. Walker in 1857, in which he instructed the Governor to stand up for fair play in Kansas in spite of Southern clamor, has been unearthed by the Covode Committee of Investigation, and it leaves the President in a woful plight. He is now *proved* to have agreed beforehand that the Lecompton Constitution must be referred to the people of the Territory for their ratification. Hear him:

WASHINGTON, July 12, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR: I duly received your letter of the 28th ult. on Friday last, and read it to the Cabinet, then in session. The views which it contained were not calculated to assure us of your success, though we did not despond. Hence you may judge with what satisfaction we received an account of the proceedings of the National Democratic Convention, held at Lecompton on the 3d inst. The point on which your own success depends is the submission of the Constitution to the people of Kansas; and by the people I mean, and I have no doubt you mean, the actual bona fide residents, who have been long enough in the Territory to identify themselves with its fate. The Legislature determined three months as the period of residence to entitle individuals to vote for members of the Convention, and if the Convention should think proper to adopt the same period to entitle individuals to vote for or against the Constitution, it appears to me this would be reasonable. On the question of submitting the Constitution to the bona fide residents of Kansas, I am willing to stand or fall. It is the principle of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the principle of Popular Sovereignty, and the principle at the foundation of all popular government. The more it is discussed, the stronger it will become. Should the Convention of Kansas adopt this principle, all will be settled harmoniously, and, with the blessing of Providence, you will return triumphantly from your arduous, important and responsible station. The strictures of the Georgia and Mississippi Conventions will then pass away, and be speedily forgotten.

In regard to Georgia, our news from that State is becoming better every day. We have not yet had time to hear much from Mississippi. Should you answer the resolution of the latter, I would advise you to make the great principle of the submission of the Constitution to the bona fide residents of Kansas conspicuously prominent. On this you will be irresistible. With the question of climate every person is acquainted; and the more you insist upon this, the more will our opponents urge that we are violating the principle of non-interference at the foundation of the Kansas and Nebraska bill. It is strange that people at a distance, who have no practical acquaintance with the condition of Kansas, should undertake to be wiser than those on the spot. It is beyond all question the true policy to build up a great Democratic party there to maintain the Constitution and the laws, composed of Pro-Slavery and Free-State Democrats, and, if the majority should be against slavery, to obtain such constitutional provisions as will secure the rights of slaveholders in Missouri and other States, and maintain all the laws guarding the just rights of the South.

You are right in your conjecture as to the cause of Judge Williams's appointment. We supposed it would be peculiarly acceptable to yourself, and that he might aid in carrying out your policy.

Col. Cumming has been appointed Governor of Utah. This will cause his place to be vacant after the brief period required for settling up his business, and I certainly shall be disposed to fill it by the appointment of Mr. Stevens.

Gen. Harney has been ordered to command the expedition to Utah, but we must continue to have him with you, at least until you are out of the woods. Kansas is vastly more important at the present moment than Utah. The pressure upon me continues without intercession. I pray that Divine Providence, in which I place my trust, may graciously preserve my life and my health until the end of my term. But God's will be done, in any event.

With every sentiment of esteem,
I remain always sincerely your friend,
[Signed] BUCHANAN.

To Hon. Robert J. Walker.

In the letter of Walker's to which this is a reply, the President is informed that a large majority of the people of Kansas are opposed to a pro-slavery Constitution. This fact is admitted by the pro-slavery Governor; yet, in the teeth of this evidence, and conscious of having written the above letter, Mr. Buchanan wheeled round and used his entire power and influence to cram the Lecompton Constitution down the throats of the people of Kansas! And all to please the slaveholders. Where will you search for a brighter specimen of Pecksniffian piety and squint-eyed devilry? Nowhere, certainly, *outside The New York Observer* office.

AVON.

MR. HYATT'S PROSPECTS OF DELIVERANCE are not very encouraging, according to the Washington correspondent of *The Evening Post*, who says:

"Mr. Hyatt has just been visited by his wife at his rooms in the City Jail. He has furnished his apartment in elegant style, and evidently contemplates a long tarry. He may as well bring his family on and keep house, for there is no more chance that the Senate will back down from its position than there is that the sun will fall from the sky. When the summer weather comes on, and the wretched jail becomes a literal oven, Mr. Hyatt will at least discover that he has chosen a very bitter alternative."

THE REV. BERIAH GREEN, one of the earliest, and certainly one of the most eloquent champions of the anti-slavery cause in this country, has accepted an invitation to speak at the approaching anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. He will review Senator Seward's late speech—a work to which his fine analytic and argumentative powers are admirably adapted.

BREVITIES.

C. C. Burleigh has been engaged to preach in Florence, Mass., once in two weeks for a year to come, as he has done the year past.

The result of the Judicial election in Wisconsin is still in some doubt, the vote being so close that the official returns can alone decide it. The Janesville *Gazette* figures Sloan, State Rights Republican, 4 votes ahead of Dixon.

The *Ashtabula* (O.) *Sentinel* says it is time the Republican members of Congress were demanding the release of Hyatt from prison. They ought to be ashamed that they have neglected their duty so long.

Thaddeus Stevens, in a recent speech opposing an increase of the army (called for on the pretence that it was necessary to prevent Indian hostilities), said: "He believed that there was a greater necessity to keep a watch over and check the outrages and crimes of white men than there was to exercise these precautions to keep down the Indians." True as gospel.

The Rev. E. H. Chapin, in a sermon delivered a week ago last Sunday, speaking of the influence of true religion upon a man's conduct, said that it would prevent him from breaking God's command, "Thou shalt not kill," by engaging in a duel, though he were challenged by "a twenty-acre lot full of cowards and bullies."

The British press, strangely enough, understood Mrs. Browning's lines, "A Curse for a Nation," which were originally published some years ago in *The Liberty Bell*, and lately reprinted with her poems on Italian affairs, as levelled at England! She was constrained to ask *The Athenæum* to correct the error, and to assure her countrymen that the "nation" referred to in her poem was the United States!

The Rev. N. L. Rice, D.D., the man appointed by the General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterian Church to teach theology in its Seminary at Chicago, lately delivered and printed a course of "Lectures on Slavery," in one of which we find this asseveration: "Now, then, let the fact be remembered—that Abolitionism arose under the lead of a bad man, who has long been a blaspheming infidel!" If there is any truth in the Scripture declaration that "liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone," the Chicago *Rice* will be certain to be well cooked in the next world.

Thayer and Eldridge, Boston, have in press a work by James Redpath, entitled "Echoes of Harper's Ferry," comprising the best Speeches, Sermons, Letters, Poems, and other utterances of leading minds in Europe and America, called forth by John Brown's Invasion of Virginia, embracing the productions of Rev. George B. Cheever, Wendell Phillips, Rev. Gilbert Haven, Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Charles O'Conor, Rev. E. M. Wheelock, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edward Everett, John G. Whittier, Victor Hugo, Henry D. Thoreau and others, revised by the authors.

The American Bible Union—an association formed under Baptist auspices for the purpose of preparing and publishing a revised edition of the Bible—has given the world a specimen of its work in a revised edition of the Epistle to Philemon, with an elaborate commentary, aiming, according to a writer in *The American Baptist*, to establish these three points, viz.: that Onesimus was an *absconding slave*, that Philemon was a *Christian slaveholder*, and that *Paul returns the slave* to his *rightful master!* The writer in *The Baptist* says: "It is not likely that the expositions accompanying this Epistle will increase the contributions to the Union north of Mason and Dixon's line. They are pro-slavery, and in no respect necessary to sustain the revision in any particular."

The Rev. W. H. Lord, Pastor of the Congregational Church at Montpelier, the capital of the Green Mountain State, is a son of the Rev. Dr. Lord, President of Dartmouth College, and a "chip of the old block." On the recent Fast-day he preached a political sermon, in which, says *The Christian Repository*, he came out pro-slavery and in favor of the leading measures of the Democratic party, in opposition to those of the Republicans. He denied that slavery is a wrong, or a sin. If he had hinted a doubt of the Scripturalness of the doctrine of the Trinity or of eternal damnation, he would have been promptly expelled from the pulpit; but he has probably not damaged his clerical or ecclesiastical standing in the least by apologizing for slavery even in the capital of Vermont!

Dr. John S. Rock, the well-known colored orator, lately delivered, in the State House at Boston, a lecture on Woman, which is very highly spoken of in various journals. *The Pioneer*, a German paper, says:

"Thus, a thinking, educated, German and French speaking negro instructs a select American audience on female intelligence and literature of the past times, in the Hall of the House of Representatives of one of the first States in the Union! What is to become of such? Do you know of a preventive? Democratic Editors, where are your fists? For with your heads you cannot come, for the woolly head of Dr. Rock contains more science, intellect and intelligence, than all of your pumpkins put together."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FREEWILL BAPTIST QUARTERLY (Vol. VIII., No. 2) for April contains the following papers:

1. The Absolute Adaption of Theism, and Christianity as the only True Theism, to the Immutable Laws of Mind and Necessities of Universal Humanity.
2. Moral Freedom and Responsibility.
3. The Mutual Relations of the Sabbath School and the Church.
4. The Merits and Defects of the Reformation of the XVIth Century.
5. Position and Duties of the Christian Scholar.
6. The General Conference of the Freewill Baptist Connection.
7. Rev. Elias Hutchins as Pastor and Philanthropist.
8. Contemporary Literature.

This work is under the supervision of the best scholars in the denomination of whose theology and ecclesiastical polity it is the expositor and defender. It is published at the Freewill Baptist Printing Establishment at Dover, N. H.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May (Boston, Ticknor and Fields) shows no diminution in the elements of power which have given it so high a rank in the periodical literature of the country. Its list of articles, with the names of the reputed writers, is as follows:

"Instinct," by Leonard A. Jones.
"My Own Story," by Mrs. R. H Stoddard.
"The Playmate," by Whittier (see fourth page).
"The Maroons of Surinam," by T. W. Higginson.
"Circumstance," by Miss Prescott.
"Urania," by John D. Stockton.
"Mary Somerville," by Miss Maria Mitchell.
"Roba di Roma," by W. W. Story.
"Threnodia," by T. W. Parsons.
"Gen. Miranda's Expedition," by Sheldon.
"The Professor's Story."
"Nathaniel Hawthorne," by E. P. Whipple.
"Reviews and Literary Notices."

We wish we could at once find room for Mr. Higginson's thrilling history of the Maroons (fugitive slaves) of Surinam. The tale has its lesson for the slaveholders of this country—a lesson, too, which they would do well to heed in time. It has its lesson, too, for all who doubt the capacity of the blacks to vindicate their own rights.

DR. CHEEVER, it will be seen by the announcement in another column, is engaged to speak at the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, on Tuesday morning, May 8th. To the friends of the Society, on both sides of the Atlantic, this will be a welcome announcement. Twenty years ago, a large body of orthodox clergymen, who "did run well for a season," seceded from the Society, mainly because they could not bear the logical and impartial application of truth to the American Church and Pulpit. Having organized a new Society in practical subordination to the interests of their respective sects, they joined the pro-slavery party in denouncing the old one, with Garrison at its head, as an infidel association. But the revelations of the last twenty years have more than confirmed every position taken by Garrison and his friends in that controversy. The new organizations, one after another, have gone down, while the American Anti-Slavery Society, in spite of the malignity of its foes and of all the obstacles that have been thrown in its way, still lives to offer its free platform on equal terms to the uncompromising opponents of slavery of every name and denomination. Let us hope that the appearance of Dr. Cheever on this platform may prove the harbinger of a new era in the history of the Anti-Slavery Movement—an era signalized by the hearty co-operation of all who love liberty and hate slavery, without regard to sectarian distinctions, in efforts to strike off the fetters of the slaves.

THANKS to the friend who laid on our table a copy of the Anti-Slavery Address to the People of North Carolina, published by the Manumission Society of that State in 1830. We intend to pay some attention to it hereafter.

NOTICE.

A NUMBER of our subscribers who are receiving their bills about this time will observe that a fraction over the usual price of the paper is charged. It is proper to explain that this difference is made that the year for which they have subscribed may be brought in accordance with the year of the volume. For instance, a subscriber whose year expires April 2d is charged 24 cents additional, so that he may begin the year hereafter in May with No. I. of the new volume. The arrangement is both for his convenience and ours.

NEW SERIES OF ANTI SLAVERY TRACTS.

WE announce with much pleasure the issue of three new and valuable Anti-Slavery Tracts. They consist of the freshest and most interesting matter, and we invite to them the attention of all our readers. As they are to be sold at the simple cost (or less), we hope that orders for them will be numerous. The series is to be continued, from time to time. The three already published are as follows:

No. 1. CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LYDIA MARIA CHILD AND GOVERNOR WISE AND MRS. MASON, OF VIRGINIA. 28 pp.

No. 2. VICTOR HUGO ON AMERICAN SLAVERY, with letters of other distinguished Europeans, viz., DE TOCQUEVILLE, MAZZINI, HUMBOLDT, LAFAYETTE &c. 24 pp.

No. 3. AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL SLAVE INSURRECTIONS DURING THE LAST TWO CENTURIES. By JOSHUA COFFIN. 36 pp.

Price of the first two of the above, *five cents single*; 50 cts. the dozen; $3 50 *the hundred*. Of No. 3, *six cents single*; 60 *cts. the dozen*; $4 *the hundred*.

☞ To be had at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 5 Beekman street, New York; 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; and No. 21 Cornhill, Boston.

☞ The AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY has also just published, in a neat pamphlet form, the able and eloquent speech of THEODORE TILTON, Esq., of New York, in reply to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on the American Board of Foreign Missions. Orders for these should be sent to the Society's Office, No. 5 Beekman street, New York. *Price three cents single*; $2 50 *per hundred*.

IMPORTANT TRACT.—The American Anti-Slavery Society has just issued a Tract (No. 4 New Series) entitled "The New 'Reign of Terror' in the Slaveholding States, for 1859-60." It is filled (145 pp. 12 mo.) with well-authenticated facts of recent occurrence, showing the fearful extent to which slavery "crushes out" freedom of opinion and speech, exposing to the terrors of the Lynch code every person at the South who dares to breathe against it a single word of opposition. The character of slavery is thus revealed in a light which cannot fail to excite against it the intensest moral indignation, and that ought certainly to rouse the whole North to wage against it an exterminating war. The friends of the cause should give it a wide circulation. Price 10 cents single; $8 per hundred.

Summary.

OWEN LOVEJOY'S SPEECH IN GERMAN.—The *New Yorker Demokrat* gives notice that the recent speech of Owen Lovejoy, in the House of Representatives, is translating into German, and will be published during the present week. It calls it the most important speech that has been delivered in Congress the present session.

Anamboo, an African prince, visiting England, received so many attentions from a celebrated belle of London that, in a moment of tenderness, he could not refrain from laying his hand on his heart and exclaiming: "Oh! Madam, if heaven had only made you a negress, you would have been irresistible!"

SLAVES IN TEXAS.—The Galveston *Civilian* says that the number of slaves entered at the Custom-house of that place during the months of January, February and March was 2,692. The total value was two million six hundred and ninety-two thousand dollars. They were the property of planters emigrating to Texas

Gen. Lewis Cass was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, on the 9th day of October, 1782, and is therefore now in the 78th year of his age. It is said that Gen. Cass never had an overcoat upon his back but once in his life, an instance that occurred two months ago, during a moment of partial bodily prostration. The first drop of intoxicating liquors never yet passed his lips.

There is an old negro pilot on one of the Chattahoochee river steamers (Ala.) whose skin is changing from a jet black to the fairest white. His neck and arms, as far down as his fingers, are of a smooth, soft, delicate whiteness, that would rival that of the tenderest, purest Circassian. His lips are of a soft, ruddy hue, and his face and body beginning to show the same radical, wonderful change.

BLOOMING IN THE GRAVE.—A metalic coffin, containing the body of a young lady who had been buried more than four years, was lately opened in Memphis, Tennessee. The body was in an excellent state of preservation—the hair, particularly, was very life-like, and, what was more astonishing, a full-blown camellia Japonica, which some affectionate hand had twined in the tresses of the girl, was remarkably fresh looking, the leaves retaining their soft greenish hue to perfection.

The slave trade is said to be brisker than ever, and *The Herald* has information that no less than six vessels have left New York for the African coast within the past fortnight, all of which expect to have negroes for their return cargoes. Among these was a fine clipper ship and a fast sailing brig. What has become of the famous vigilance of Marshal Rynders and his valiant deputies, who have so often suspected slavers, but who have never succeeded in convicting one? We are not told that they had even a suspicion of these half dozen black-birds.

TREATY WITH SPAIN.—Mr. Preston, the old Kentucky Whig sent by Mr. Buchanan as minister to Spain, came home by the steamer last week, bringing a treaty with that nation, which settles all matters in dispute between the two governments, and restores amicable relations. This is probably more than our Cuba stealing rulers at Washington bargained for. It would be a curious end to the beginning of Mr. Buchanan, the great achievement of whose administration was to be the acquisition of Cuba, should close his term with the removal of all excuses or bases for stealing or buying that island.

KENTUCKIANS ABROAD.—A few days since "two white slaves of the South" arrived in this city from Kentucky, via Cincinnati and Cleveland. No one on seeing them would have supposed for an instant that they had a drop of negro blood in their veins, yet they had been born and raised slaves, and that, too, in the glorious land of liberty. They were brothers, the eldest being something over thirty, and of a regular sandy complexion; the other a few years younger, and of but very little darker cast. They are evidently men of considerable natural ability, and in our free atmosphere will doubtless soon become useful and respected citizens.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

A FAMILY PICTURE.—On Front street, Harrisburg, Pa., a hundred yards above the water-house, on Monday morning last, a family of road tramps was seen in the following position: A husband was lying flat on the damp ground, drunk; the wife was sitting on the ground leaning against the side of a tree, with the sun glaring in her face, fast asleep; an infant was crying in her arms, and two children were playing in a puddle of water, by which the group was almost surrounded. A big dog, apparently the only sane or sober creature on the premises, was lying at the feet of the woman looking up into her face, as if searching in vain to find in her countenance one spark of kindred intelligence.

Mr. Lovejoy dined at Gov. Seward's on Friday, with Gov. McRae of Mississippi and other fire eaters, who were sociable enough. Before leaving the table, the host inquired why the Southerners had sat so still while Lovejoy was pitching into slavery and them, but kicked up a dust when he took a religious view of the question? "Why," said Gov. McRae, "we were dumb with astonishment when our institutions were attacked, and didn't recover until Lovejoy changed his topic." "No, no!" exclaimed Lovejoy, "you sat still enough until I began to talk about the devil, but considered that a *personal* question.—*Vt. Watchman.*

A NOBLE ACT—RESCUED FROM SLAVERY.—Mr. Eliot, of Massachusetts, is justly entitled to much credit for his exertions in rescuing a young colored man from New Bedford, from prospective slavery. It appears that a negro named Scarborough, belonging in that city, arrived at Baltimore in a vessel. He started to go to Washington on foot. At Anapolis he was arrested as a suspected runaway slave and thrown into jail. According to the laws of Maryland he must be sold to defray jail fees and other expenses not of his own contracting. He wrote to his brother in New Bedford, who communicated with Mr. Eliot. Mr. Eliot at once proceeded to Anapolis, where he found the man in a state of great destitution. He paid the expenses of imprisonment out of his own pocket, clothed him decently and sent him to his home. The friends of humanity should not forget this act in Mr. Eliot.

The Boston *Courier* is still puzzling itself and its readers over the abstruse problem how a man or race can be inferior and yet have equal political rights with a superior man or race. A comparison may help it out of the difficulty. There may be, say half a dozen negroes and a dozen and a half of Irishmen—not to mention any number of Yankees—in the city of Boston, who are in intellect, culture and moral value several degrees above the editor of the Boston *Courier*. But, nevertheless, the latter can cast just as many votes as any one of them, and no one of them has any better right to kick him or maltreat him in any way than he would have to try the same tricks on any person he might consider his inferior. The point is obvious. *The Courier* should consider that a man's political rights and his market value are very different matters.

SCENE IN THE HOUSE—PUNNING EXTRAORDINARY.—While the Pryor-Potter controversy was going on in Washington, a vote of the House was called upon some minor matters. When Mr. Potter's name was called, an old Dutch member from Pennsylvania, who never takes up time unless he has something to say to the point, rose in his place and excused Mr. Potter thus: "Mishter Speaker, I will shust say ash how Mishter Potter hash a Pryor engagement." Both sides of the House and the galleries united in an uproarous explosion of mirth at the hon. member's sally of wit, and it was only checked to be redoubled, when, after the name of Mr. Pryor was called, the same old Hans rose and said: "Vel, Mishter Spheaker, Mishter Pryor has gone to pe ash clay in te hands of te Potter." For some moments the scene in the House was indescribable, and, for the once, five pound Bowie knives and shotted rifles were at a discount.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—The following incident in the life of the grandfather of the late Gov. Caleb Strong, of Massachusetts, is quite romantic: "He had paid some attention to Mary (daughter of Captain John) Sheldon, of Deerfield, Mass., and there was love, but no engagement, between them. On the fatal 29th of February, 1704, she was taken prisoner by the French and Indians and carried to Canada, where she remained two or three years. It is stated that the first question she asked of those who came to redeem her was whether Jonathan Strong was married. He was married—her return being considered very uncertain. After her return, she also married. But in 1761 her husband and Mr. Strong's wife both died; and these aged persons—he in his 80th year and she in her 76th—renewed their attachment, after a lapse of fifty-eight years, and were married in 1762." Sylvester Judd, Esq., of Northampton, says that a third of a century ago people were living in Northampton who had seen the venerable couple ride through the streets of that town, she on a pillion behind her husband.

THE AFRICAN EXPEDITION.—Mrs. Livingstone, the wife of Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated traveller, has just arrived from the Cape, per Mr. Duncan Dunbar's ship Vittoria. At the railway station, the name of Dr. Livingstone on the luggage having caught the eye of the bystanders, she and her able attendant were soon surrounded by a crowd eager again to see the great geographer. Upon being informed, however, that he was still in the centre of Africa, they warm-heartedly inquired respecting his health, and shook hands with her. Mr. Livingstone having proceeded from the Cape on a visit about eight hundred miles into the interior to her father, the renowned missionary Moffat, returned to the Cape, upon his journey again north to see Moselekatse, where he hoped to hear of his son-in-law. The missionaries from the London Society had already proceeded onwards to Sekeleta and the Makololo. Mrs. Livingstone has brought with her an interesting addition to her family in the person of another little daughter, born in Africa; and has come with the hope of proceeding with the steamer about to be sent by governments to the Zambesi, and of at length rejoining her heroic husband.

STATUE OF JOHN ADAMS.—The statue of the first President Adams, by Randolph Rogers, being the fourth in the historical series in Mount Auburn Chapel, has arrived safely, and now occupies its pedestal in that place. It looks to us more spiritual, or, so to speak, more dramatic, than either of its companions. The "Colossus of the Revolution" appears in this statue not only in a speaking attitude, but in one of vehement action, with the foot advanced and the right arm as it were descending to enforce some strong appeal or settle some momentous issue. The whole may well be supposed to express the earnest will which governed the "sink or swim" decisions of the early revolutionary Congress.

We had expected to see in the elder Adams a somewhat more robust or corpulent figure than is here represented, together with a more closely fitting drapery. But we are told that both the figure and the costume are true to the middle period of his public life, including the time of his Congressional and diplomatic career.—*Boston Transcript.*

A FUGITIVE SLAVE.—A fugitive slave from Virginia was in this town on the last inst., on his way to the land of freedom. He went from Virginia to Boston, where the U. S. officers were put on his track, and came here via Worcester. At Worcester, the officers lost track of him, and were supposed to be watching for him on the railroads north of here, as he was trying to make his way to Canada East, where he had friends who had before left the home of the slave for the land of freedom. He was sent to Canada West, via Syracuse, and is probably safe now from his pursuers. He was an intelligent young man, about 19 years old, and worth from $1,200 to $1,500 according to the value of the article. He said he was treated kindly by his master, but his master had lost so many slaves by running away, lately, that he was making preparations to sell him and others South, and he thought it best to travel towards the North star.—*Greenfield Gazette.*

Tom Marshall has been lecturing for the last year or two in various cities of the West, and has more recently been in Buffalo. He has met, however, very poor success. *The Advertiser* says that the tickets to his lectures could not be given away—that no person of any self-respect would listen to the foul abuse which he heaps upon everything and everybody in the Northern States. The trouble with him is that he is perpetually drunk. Those who remember hearing him some years ago in this city will recollect him as one of the most brilliant and effective of living orators. Very few men in this country have ever possessed greater power of swaying an audience, or shown a more splendid faculty of speech, than he. His Temperance speeches at the Tabernacle were eloquent and effective beyond example. But he is now, and has been for years, a settled and confirmed drunkard. He still attempts, however, to make speeches and deliver lectures, but they are all the most dismal failures, and only exhibit still more conspicuously the shocking eclipse of splendid talents, by the degrading habit of which he has become the helpless victim.

NOVEL RESCUE CASE IN NEW BEDFORD.—On Thursday of last week the ship Sylvia, Captain Swasey, arrived at New Bedford from the Sandwich Islands, the captain having with him a girl, ten or twelve years of age, a native of the islands, and as described, says the *Mercury*, "a perfect Congo negro." The captain went to the Parker House to stay until he should leave town, taking the girl with him. Some of the colored people saw the girl, and, supposing from her looks that she was a slave and that Captain Swasey was her master, they determined to keep a lookout and prevent her return to slavery. The matter was fully discussed in the social circles of the colored people, and the result was that yesterday afternoon, when Captain Swasey went to the depot with his sister, who was to set out for their home in Newport, R. I., intending to take the girl with her, a crowd of excited negroes gathered around, and a number of females pounced upon the girl, and succeeded in obtaining possession of her, despite the efforts of Captain Swasey and his sister to prevent it. The girl was subsequently removed out of town, where she will probably remain till she begins her journey to Canada, or the question of her guardianship is settled.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE WOMEN.—An educational enterprise, which partakes equally of utilitarianism and munificence, is about to be inaugurated at Poughkeepsie, in this State. If completed at all in proportion with the liberal spirit of its conception, the scheme will, in its practical results, throw into the shade the Cooper Union of this metropolis. Matthew Vassar of Poughkeepsie proposes to found and endow, in that city, an institution which shall secure to young women educational advantages equal to those enjoyed by the sterner sex in Yale and Harvard and Brown Universities. It is not designed to be a free college, although its large endowment will necessarily reduce tuition bills to a nominal sum. The plan includes abundant supply of buildings, library, art galleries, green house, apparatus, cabinets, etc., to be provided as they are required, and to be paid for from a fund of four hundred thousand dollars set apart for the purposes named. Economy at the start is to be a feature of the enterprise, in order that, so far as possible, the interest on this splendid capital may be made to furnish the outfit, and the capital itself remain as an endowment fund, whose income shall sustain the noble institution. The present season will see the initiatory steps taken in connection with the enterprise.—*N. Y. Cor. Boston Post.*

UNION-SAVERS.—A Southern trader came to this city to do a rare thing—to pay cash for his entire purchases. Determined not to buy of any man who was not true to the South, he went to the store of ——, and said, "Are you an Abolitionist? If you are, I will not buy of you." The reply was, Yes; I am an Abolitionist, for although I would like to trade with you, I cannot deny my principles. The Southerner next went to the store of ——, who was an officer of an anti-slavery society. The same question was put to him

Miscellaneous Department.

THE GLADNESS OF MAY.

'Tis May again, 'tis May again, the time of happy hours,
When Nature wears her fairest robe of young and dewy flowers,
When gentle morn wakes from the east as rosy as the sky,
And brooks are laughing in the meads, and birds are singing by.

Visions, sweet as summer's eve or autumn's glowing day,
Are rushing on the mind of youth as lovely as they're gay,
Hopes prized more than coral lip, or maiden's blushing vow,
Are coming back to cheer old age, and deck its snowy brow.

Kingcups bathed in golden light, their tender breasts unfold,
And verdant plains burst on the sight, like beds of waving gold,
Violets from the mossy banks in purple clusters rise,
And daisies one by one begin to show their starry eyes.

Leaves nursed in the noontide's warmth, and kissed by the dew,
Are wove in into forest crowns that mock the emerald's hue,
And twining garlands round about the wasting walls of yore,
As doth the heart to memory, when life's bright days are o'er.

Blossoms fair as orient pearls adorn the orchard trees,
And odors from their honeyed lips add fragrance to the breeze,
Beauty's soft and radiant glow is mantling all the grain,
And from the earth a promise comes of fruit and corn again.

Birds, rich in plumage and in voice, from every wood and grove,
In joyous concert carol forth the melody of love,
Zephyrs wild as music's tone upon their pinions bring
Sweet echoes to the listening ear, and incense of the spring.

Insects bright as Tyrian dyes wake from their torpid sleep,
As countless as the ocean sands that wash the rocky steep,
Lambs in little playful groups are scattered o'er the lea,
And squirrels from the beechen boughs dance on from tree to tree.

Clouds calmly hung in silver light like folds of fleecy snow,
Are shadowed in the silent streams that by the valleys flow,
Now cradled by the swelling waves, now on the shore at play,
Now flitting round the lofty hills as blithesome as a fay.

'Tis May again, 'tis May again, the time of happy hours,
When Nature wears her fairest robe of young and dewy flowers,
When gentle morn wakes from the east as rosy as the sky,
And brooks are laughing in the meads, and birds are singing by.

—*New Monthly Magazine.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Col. Vertner sat alone, the next morning, in his library; through the open window stole the fresh, morning breeze, laden with the perfume of roses and laburnums, while a bright ray of early sunlight rippled over the papers and books that were carelessly thrown upon the table. Col. Vertner's face wore an unusually pleased expression; a favorite volume lay open before him, but his eye wandered constantly from the page, as though some pleasant thought dwelt in his mind and monopolized all his attention. This train of fancy, however, was broken by the sudden entrance of Pomp, with the mail-bag.

"Hy, boy," exclaimed the Colonel, "have you much of a budget to-day?"

"Yes, sar, an' it's mighty heavy; dem 'ar letters mus' weigh somethin'," replied the boy as he dashed the leather bag from his shoulder, and drew a long, loud breath, expressive of the exertion which it had cost him to carry so weighty a burden.

"Well, give me the key, and here is a dime for you."

"Thankey, mas'er; thankey, sar," and the boy fumbled away at his pockets in search of the key. Being a little slow, his master inquired,

"What! you rascal! I trust you have not lost the key of the mail-bag."

"Oh, no, sar, me hain't lost him; he is down here somewhar 'mong my marbles."

Accordingly, a quantity of marbles, twine, wrapping thread, bits of paper, rags, odds and ends, &c., of the "dear knows what," as Aunt Polly styled it, were fished up from those capacious pockets, and among other things the little missing key was at last found.

"Oh, here it am, mas'er; here it am; me think he wasn't lost."

As he looked over the letters, Col. Vertner found quite a number addressed to himself, and one for Madge. The father smiled as his eye conned over that British post-mark; and he well knew how happily his daughter's pulse would bound at sight of the well-known writing.

"Go, tell your Miss Madge to come to me, Pomp; I suppose she is out now for a romp with Rover round the lawn."

But before the boy had time to obey the command, the library door was slowly opened and Madge Vertner appeared, looking pale and listless as though she had spent an anxious, troubled night.

"Why, daughter! But what *is* the matter?" exclaimed Col. Vertner, his tone changing from the gay and joyous to the frightened and surprised as soon as he observed her appearance.

"You are not well. Let me reach you a chair."

Madge took the seat and motioned to Pomp to leave the room.

"What is it, daughter?" asked her father with anxiety.

"Let me be still for a moment."

Remembering the letter which had just come for her, Col. Vertner hoped to soothe her with it. Placing it gently in her hand, he said,

"Only see, here is an English letter for you."

Madge started and let it fall from her hands.

Passing his arm round her waist, and stroking her brow tenderly, he sought to beguile her into a happier mood. What is it, my pet? what has disturbed you so? The morning is so beautiful and inviting, I had hoped that it had found you, as it has me, in a cheerful and happy state of mind. Come, come, what is it? Some ugly dream? But read your letter; it will cheer you up. Only see how you have allowed it to fall from your hands. This is not the way you usually greet Mr. Butler's letters."

"Break the seal and read it to me, papa."

This was a singular request, and perfectly inexplicable to Col. Vertner, for Madge generally read her own letters, and on all former occasions had made a great matter of the mere breaking of the seal. Now, however, though much surprised, he obeyed her without further inquiry into the strangeness of her mood.

"And so," he observed, as he refolded the letter after reading it to her, "Mr. Butler will not sail for another month. That is rather provoking."

"It is providential."

"Why so, my darling?"

"Because I have that to say to him which had better, far better, be written than spoken."

An inquiring look was the only answer she received.

"Papa" (Madge paused at each word, as if gasping for breath), "did you ever know a quadroon girl—a slave—by the name—of—*Alice?*"

Col. Vertner let go his daughter's hand and reeled back a few steps, like one suddenly stricken by a severe blow. Madge's eyes were firmly fixed upon him. Leaning eagerly forward, with parted lip and a nervous motion of the fingers of her outstretched hand, she watched every movement of his. Her hope, love and life trembled on the answer.

"Oh, God!" gasped Col. Vertner, "the curse has come at last!"

"Papa"—this time Madge's voice was calm and fearfully cold—"you need not tremble and turn away from me with that dismayed look. I know all."

"Not *all*, child—not all—not half. They cannot have told you how I have suffered, the hell I have carried in my bosom."

"I am the daughter of that quadroon, Alice—not, alas! the honorable child of an honorable marriage. I am here in this house only by courtesy, or rather by means of a base lie and a baser fraud."

Her eye flashed and her lip curled disdainfully as she uttered these words.

"Spare me, my child; spare me. I have tried to atone for that great wrong. Spare me, I beg; don't let curses come from you; but, no, I'll not ask you to spare me; 'tis better that you should curse. I deserve it. Great God, why was I spared for this?"

"*And why was I born to it?*"

A moment of deadly silence ensued. Madge sat in the most moveless, statue-like repose, while her father remained standing over by the window, with his hands clasped to his temples, neither looking toward the other. Such was the change of a few hours. A father and daughter, whose very lives had hitherto seemed blent into one, sat, now, estranged and riven apart, as though a fathomless river flowed between them.

Madge was the first to break the silence.

"You have nothing further to say?" She did not even glance toward him.

Suddenly, as if recollecting himself, and forgetting what his ravings had betrayed, Col. Vertner exclaimed,

"Madge, who have you seen? what witch or sprite, fiend or monster has been playing upon your credulity. 'Tis all a lie, a base, prepared, premeditated lie. Don't think of it again, my child; but tell me who has dared such villany; tell me, and I will throttle the dastard in his next speech. Come, come, poor panting bird, to your father's heart."

He stretched out his arms to receive her, and advanced a few steps, when she waved him off.

"No, papa; no; another lie will not wipe out this terrible fraud which has been practised upon me and mamma—I mean *Mrs. Vertner.*"

There was a terrible bitterness in her tone; it cut her father's heart like a sword.

"Don't be sarcastic, Madge, for my poor brain turns round; I am bewildered and grope about like one blind."

"I have seen Rachel, papa, and she has told me all. The proof of the horrible truth laid in her natural sincerity, though I despised and defied her, and hastened home to have you refute it all; something, a voice I could not distrust, deep down in my soul, bade me believe the woman. What ages of pain and torture I lived through last night! How I hoped that peace would break over my soul with the breaking day! But, no, there is no peace for me. I have parted from it with my childhood. Perhaps I have had enough happiness in my early life and should bear this great shame and trouble patiently. Oh that I had been strangled in my cradle and not saved for this bitter moment!"

She pressed her long fingers to her eyes, while tears burst through the partings and rained down upon her lap.

"Oh, Madge, Madge, cry, weep, my child, let the fountain run dry now, but don't scorn your father; love him, cling close to him in spite of this."

Col. Vertner had drawn near her and was about to lay his hand upon her partially-bent head, when she slid softly from the chair, and laid herself down upon the carpet, with her face buried in her hands. He stood over her, gazing down at her prostrate form, with a measureless anguish depicted on his countenance. He dared not speak, but left her to the flow of her own grief. What would he not then have given for the power to recall or wash out "*the follies*" of his youth?

Moments passed like ages, so full were they of bitterness and suspense. After a gust of sighs, moans and tears, Madge Vertner, by virtue of the strength and energy of her nature, commanded herself sufficiently to assume a composed air.

"Papa, since this dreadful news *is* a fact, I shall accept my fate. Forgive me if I have seemed harsh and unkind. It was a great blow, and, coming so suddenly, quite stunned me; but now, as my reason and right-thinking return, I recollect all that I owe to your tenderness and generous consideration. You petted my childhood and loaded my life with blessings. Such atonement as your full-handed generosity and affection could make have been freely made, and it is not for me now to revile and curse—no, no (with tears), rather let me love you the more. Take me, *father and mother*—for you have been both to me—to your heart; let me rest there. I have nothing else left me in the wide world but you, and, as the vine clings close to the sturdy oak, I will twine, clasp and interlace the tendrils of my heart and soul about you." And there, sobbing and moaning like a weary child, she lay upon his breast, with his arms locked closely around her.

But by and bye the fury of the storm spent itself, and, wiping her eyes and composing her manner, she sat down upon the sofa, and asked her father to take the place beside her.

"Papa," she said, after a moment's pause, "tell me something of this Alice—of—my—moth—er." Her lip trembled and tongue faltered on the syllables of the last word.

Mastering himself by a considerable effort, Col. Vertner replied,

"I will tell you all I can; but how am I to begin? where and when?" Suddenly rising from his seat, he paced the room with irregular and uneasy steps. Striking his clenched fists together, he exclaimed,

"What a *thing* is a man bowed with shame in the presence of his own child!"

"Does it pain you so much, dear papa? If so, deny me; but I thought it was best to know *all* now, and then put the subject away forever from our minds. I think, after this, a better relationship will be established between us; and now that I know your secret trouble, I can sympathize the more with you."

"Dear child!" he cried, as he held out his hand toward her. "Already you are unselfishly forgetting yourself, upon whom the heaviest blow falls, and only remembering to pity and sympathize with me. But, Madge," he continued, after a slight pause, "give me, first, a full account of your meeting with Rachel. Ah! I always knew that trouble would come to me through that proud and high-spirited mulatto."

"Papa, she calls herself your cousin, and she told me of fearful wrongs and deceptions which you had practised upon her."

"Yes, yes; I suppose it is well for you to know it all, and yet it would have been kind to have spared me the humiliation in my child's esteem; but, Madge, dearest and best of children, you will not despise me?"

"Oh, no, indeed," and she sprang to his embrace.

With as few words as possible, and in a seemingly calm tone, she gave him a faithful and minute account of the interview. Several times, when she repeated Rachel's words, he winced and writhed as though he had been put upon the rack. When she had finished, she clasped his hand tightly between hers, and asked,

"Now, papa, tell me of Alice. I cannot yet learn to call her mother, even in thought."

Passing his hand lightly across his eyes, he said,

"Alice, my dear, was a beautiful quadroon girl, of sprightly mind, but utterly without education or any kind of moral instruction, yet a person of the keenest instincts, and more beautiful than any living creature I ever beheld. You, my Madge, have, at times, a certain piquant expression which recalls her to me. She was a slave, owned by a friend of mine, a Mr. La Rue, of New Orleans, who spent his summers on the place adjoining this, and which he then owned, but afterwards sold. Alice was Mrs. La Rue's dressing-maid, a petted upper servant, with many advantages, one of those gay, bird-like creatures to whom slavery had no horror. How happy she was when I first saw her, singing the whole day through! Fascinated as I was by her extraordinary personal beauty, it was a dangerous position that I found myself in—meeting her, as I so often did, in my morning drives and afternoon rambles through the woods, for Alice's duties were light, and most of her time was at her own command. It was not a cold and, as you perhaps think, a willing wrong I did to Alice, for I loved her more than I had ever loved before or shall ever love again; and after your birth, I offered to buy her from La Rue, for the sole purpose of setting her free; but she was a pet of his wife's, and five times her appraised value in ready gold could not secure the purchase. Such was my anxiety that I confessed to her master the relation which she had held to me; but it was of no avail. He would willingly have surrendered her, but his wife's consent could not be obtained. However, he let me have you for a very small consideration; in order to secure this, his wife had to be told the secret, and only then and upon that condition would she give you up. About this time your little half-sister, your mamma's (for you must still call her so) child, who had been put out to nurse with old Lucy, your mammy, died, and I conceived the plan of putting you in her place, and concealing from my wife the fact of the death or the exchange. For a handsome pecuniary consideration the old nurse kept my secret. Of course her freedom was a portion of the bribe; and when she left to find a home in the Northern part of Ohio, I fondly believed that my and your secret was safe; but Rachel has at last betrayed me. I was obliged to tell her of the affair."

"But, papa"—Madge's voice faltered, and she timidly cast her eyes downward—"what induced you to deceive poor Rachel, and decoy her out here, when she was so pure and happy in the North?"

"Don't question me, child, too narrowly or closely; that was one of the mad freaks of my wild and somewhat vicious youth. I have repented of it a thousand times, but repentance came too late."

"She was a lively, graceful creature when I first saw her; and do you remember, that time I met you over at her cabin-door and inquired earnestly who she was, when you put me off by saying that she was a seamstress? Ah, papa, how you deceived me!"

"Yes, but don't recall it now."

After another rather long pause, Col. Vertner asked,

"Madge, darling, you will say nothing of this to your mamma. Spare me disgrace and humiliation before her."

"My first thought was to tell her, for I think it so wrong to let her rest under such a deception, especially as she has never loved me, and it might soothe her heart and conscience to know that I am a poor alien and not her child; but since you ask me not to tell her, and knowing, as I do, how severely she would reproach you, I shall be silent; but of course, papa, you know that I will write to Mr. Butler and inform him of all, as concisely as possible."

"Madge, you do not mean what you say?"

"Of course I do; to act otherwise would be dishonorable."

"Child, you are honor-mad. Why will you blight your own happiness and my proud expectation?"

"Because I believe it to be right. Papa, do you remember Mr. Butler once said, in answer to a question of mine, that he could never marry a girl who had one drop of colored blood in her veins? Knowing this, it would be a cruel wrong in me to marry him without first letting him know who and what I am."

"Oh, God! more trouble is yet to come upon me; Madge, how can you forgive me?"

Col. Vertner sought out Rachel and had a sad, strange interview with her. She told him that an impulse, which she could not resist, had urged her back, and, driven desperately, perhaps by love, perhaps by revenge, she had told all to Madge. Seeing her frightful condition, Col. Vertner did not reproach her as severely as he intended, and it may be that in his secret soul he blamed her less than he thought he did. The interview was a strange and by no means pleasant one. The broken-down man of power and influence heard words from the lips of a mad woman which placed his character and position in an entirely different light from that in which he had usually contemplated them. They parted with reproach on the one side and recrimination on the other. And the morning after the interview, a party of wood-cutters found the body of a mulatto woman hung by a small rope to the branch of a beech tree. Upon examination, it was identified as Rachel's, and another blow fell upon Col. Vertner's conscience. He, indeed, began to feel that Providence was sending him retribution fast and in large instalments. Madge heard of the suicide with a feeling of poignant regret.

In a brief but dignified letter, she told Mr. Butler of the recent painful discovery which she had made regarding her birth and identity; then, after a few kindly-expressed feelings and recollections of the past, she relinquished all claims of love and duty which she held upon him.

After posting the letter, Madge went about her usual avocations with an apparently light heart. But those, her father and the negroes, who watched her closest, saw that a great change had come over her. Now she was always busy doing something for some one else. She did not ride, or drive, or play so much with Rover, but went about among the neighbors, and the poor, or the sick, hunting up sufferers and rendering them little attentions and services, while all her evenings were spent in the negro cabins, talking with the slaves, reading to them or taking some little delicacy or comfort to such of them as were sick or in trouble. In fact, Madge was trying to fly from memory, trying to live outside the sphere of herself and her own grievances. Affliction always awakes the Christ in us.

Her father marked with anxious interest the lessening bloom of her cheek and the want of elasticity in her step.

"What is it, Madge?" he one day asked; "all your animation appears gone; you step with a heavy, wearisome tread. Are you not well? I must send for the doctor."

"No, don't, papa; I am quite well; only a little languid. Never mind, I'll soon be as strong as ever." Even Mrs. Vertner, who was not wont to heed such matters, observed the change.

"Something had better be done for her," she said to her husband; "the child is weak and ailing, it is plain to see."

Weeks sped on; still no letter from Mr. Butler. Madge eagerly seized the mail-bag when Pomp returned from the village, hastily and nervously examining each letter, hoping to find among them the well-known writing; but disappointment followed disappointment, until her heart grew faint. Perhaps—who shall say?—she hoped, after all, that he would not avail himself of the opportunity which her sensitiveness afforded. Perhaps she thought he had spoken suddenly, ill-advisedly of his prejudice against the race; and, after all, she might be happy. With such tempting and tormenting thoughts, she still watched and waited.

INVITA MINERVA.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Bardling came where by a river grew
The whispering reeds, that, as the west wind blew,
Gleamed and sighed plaintively, as if they knew
What music slept enchanted in each stem,
Till Pan should choose some happy one of them,
And with wise lips enlife it through and through.

The Bardling thought—A pipe is all I need;
Once I have sought me out a clear, smooth reed,
And shaped it to my fancy, I proceed
To breathe such strains as, yonder 'mid the rocks,
The strange youth blows that tends Admetus' flocks,
And all the maidens will to me pay heed.

The summer day he spent in questful round,
And many a reed he marred, but never found
A conjuring-spell to free the imprisoned sound;
At last the vainly-wearied limbs he laid
Beneath a sacred laurel's flickering shade,
And sleep about his brain her cobweb wound.

Then strode the mighty mother through his dreams,
Saying, "The reeds along a thousand streams
Are mine, and who is he that plots and schemes
To snare the melodies which fated breath
Sounds through the double pipes of Life and Death,
Atoning what to men mad discord seems?

"He seeks not me, but I seek oft in vain
For him who shall my voiceful reeds constrain,
And make them utter their melodious pain;
He flies the immortal gift, for well he knows
His life of life must with its overflows
Flood the unthankful pipe, nor come again.

"Thou fool, who dost my harmless subjects wrong,
'Tis not the singer's wish that makes the song:
The rhythmic beauty wanders dumb, how long,
Nor stoops to any dalntiest instrument,
Till, found its mated lips, their sweet consent
Makes mortal breath than Time and Fate more strong."

—*Independent.*

MRS. JAMESON.

Mrs. Jameson's name and works have been so long before the world that there is a prevalent impression that she was one of the marked generation who could describe to us the early operation of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, the first days of the Regency, and the panics on account of the French Invasion. It was not exactly so; nor, on the other hand, did Anna Murphy rush into print, or into fame, while yet in her teens. She was born in the last century; but it must have been very near the end of it, for there is a strong character of youth and experience about her first work, though it was known by her married name as soon as any name at all was affixed to it. Her father, the artist, Murphy, painter in ordinary to the Princess Charlotte, was in the habit of taking up his abode for a few months at a time in some provincial town where the inhabitants were disposed to sit for their portraits. In one of those cities (Norwich) he was living temporarily, when the "Diary of an Ennuyee" came out, and was immediately in all the book-clubs. At a party made for Mr. Murphy, the half-hour before dinner was beguiled by lively criticism on the book, in which more or fewer faults were found by every person present. At length, Mr. Murphy was asked whether he could give any information about the author. Had he ever met her? Was he acquainted with her? *How* well acquainted?—for some uneasiness began to prevail. "She is my daughter," was the reply which plunged the whole company in dismay. Mrs. Jameson was not a little troubled at the consequences of her mistake in that case, of mixing up a real journal with a sentimental fiction, in order to disguise the authorship. This mistake of mere inexperience exposed her to charges of bad faith in regard to her travelling companions, and to ridicule on account of the pathos of her own fictitious death. She was anxious to have it understood that there had been a want of coöperation between herself and her publishers; and she wisely withdrew the book in its first form, revised the best parts of it, and republished it with various welcome additions, as "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad." In its first form the work appeared in 1826; in the second, in 1834. One incident of the case ought, perhaps, to be considered: that her object in putting this journal to press was understood to be to afford immediate aid to Mr. Jameson under some difficulty of the moment. And here it is best to say the little that should be said about the marriage of the parties. Mr. Jameson was a man of considerable ability and legal accomplishment, filling with honor the posts of Speaker of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, and then Attorney-General of the colony; and he is spoken of with respect by his personal friends in England; but the marriage was a mistake on both sides. The husband and wife separated almost immediately, and for many years. In 1836, Mrs. Jameson joined her husband at Toronto; but it was for a very short time; and they never met again. This is all that the world has any business with; and the chief interest to the world even that far arises from the effect produced on Mrs. Jameson's views of life and love, of persons and their experience, by her irksome and unfortunate position during a desolate wedded life of nearly thirty years. Mr. Jameson died in 1854.

The energy of Mrs. Jameson's mind became immediately manifest by the courage with which she returned to the press after the disheartening first failure; and she had, we believe, no more failures to bear. She became a very popular writer; and to the end of her life she proved that her power was genuine by the effect of appreciation upon the exercise of it. She did not deteriorate as a writer, but improved as far as the quality of her mind permitted. She had the great merit of diligence, as well as activity in intellectual labor. She worked much and well, putting her talents to their full use—and all the more strenuously the more favor they found. Another great merit, shown from first to last, was that she never mistook her function; never over-rated the kind of work she applied herself to; never undervalued the philosophy to which she could not pretend, nor supposed that she had written immortal works in pouring out her emotions and fancies for her personal solace and enjoyment. Perhaps her own account of her own authorship may be cited as the fairest that could be given.

In the introduction to her "Characteristics of Shakspeare's Women," she says, "Not now nor ever have I written to flatter any prevailing fashion of the day, for the sake of profit, though this is done by many who have less excuse for coining their brains. This little book was undertaken without a thought of fame or money. Out of the fulness of my own heart and soul have I written it. In the pleasure it gave me—in the new and varied forms of human nature it has opened to me—in the beautiful and soothing images it has placed before me—in the exercise and improvement of my own faculties—I have already been repaid." She could honestly have said this of each work in its turn, we doubt not.

This book, the "Characteristics of Women," was apparently the most popular of her works; and it is perhaps the one which best illustrates her quality of mind. It appeared in 1832, having been preceded by "The Loves of the Poets," and "Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns." The "Characteristics" appeared a great advance on the three earlier works; and it was, at first sight, a very winning book. Wherever the reader opened, the picture was charming, and the analysis seemed to be acute, delicate, and almost philosophical. After a second portrait, the impression was somewhat less enthusiastic; and when, at the end of four or five, it was found difficult to bring away any clear conception of any, and to tell one from another, it was evident that there was no philosophy in all this, but only fancy and feeling. The notorious mistake in regard to Lady Macbeth, to whom Mrs. Jameson attributes an intellect loftier than that of her husband, indicates the true level of a work which is yet full of charm from its suggestiveness, and frequent truth of sentiment. Mrs. Jameson's world-wide reputation dates from the publication of this book.

It secured her an enthusiastic reception in the United States, when she went there on her way to Canada, in 1836. There could hardly be a more "beautiful fit" than that of Mrs. Jameson and the literary society of the great American cities, where the characteristics of women are perpetually in all people's thoughts and on all people's tongues; where chivalric honor to women is a matter of national pride; and sentiment flourishes as it does in all youthful societies. Mrs. Jameson—pouring out, with her Irish vehemence, a great accumulation of emotions and imaginations, about Ireland and O'Connell, about Shakspeare and the Kembles, about German sentiment and art, Italian paintings, the London stage, and all the ill-usage that women with hearts had received from men who had none—must have been in a state of high enjoyment, and the cause of high enjoyment to others.

From the genial welcomes of New York and New England she rushed into a wild Indian life, which she has presented admirably in the work which followed her return—"Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada." In that book appeared with painful distinctness the blemishes which marred much of her writing and her conversation, as well as her views of life, from the date of that trip to Canada—a tendency to confide her trouble to the public, or all from whom she could hope to win sympathy—and a morbid construction of the facts and evidences of social life in England. The courage with which she has frequently spoken for benevolent purposes on topics of great difficulty and disgust is honorable to her; and she has said much that is awakening and stimulating on topics of deep practical concern; but her influence would have been of a higher order if she had not been prepossessed by personal griefs, and rendered liable to dwell on the scenery of human passions in one direction till it became magnified beyond all reason. But for this drawback, and that of her unsettled life, which was a perpetual flitting from place to place, for purposes of Art-study chiefly, perhaps, but in no small degree from restlessness, and craving for society and its luxuries, she might have done more for the security and elevation of her sex than perhaps any other person of her generation. She did a great deal by the pen, by discourse, and by the warm sympathy she gave to the actively great women of the age. She spread the fame of the chief Sisters of Charity of our day; she worked hard to get Schools of Design opened to women; and she published in 1855 an excellent Lecture on "Sisters of Charity Abroad and at Home." The drawback was in the incessant recurrence to considerations of sex, whatever the topic, and the constant conclusion that the same point of view was taken by everybody else.

In three very different departments Mrs. Jameson was an active worker: in literature, as we have seen; in ameliorating the condition of women in England, by exposing their disabilities and injuries in the field of industry and the chance medley of education; and, again, in the diffusion of the knowledge of art. Time will probably decide that in this last department her labors have been most effective. Her early readiness to assume the function of art-critic gave way in time, in some measure, to the more fitting pretension of making hand-books of art collections, and some valuable keys to art-types, supplied in a historical form. In regard to pictures, as to life and men, her point of view was at first intensely subjective, and her interpretations were liable to error in proportion, so that her knowledge of art was denied by the highest authorities. But she studied long, and familiarized herself with so extensive a range of art that her metaphysical tendencies were to a considerable extent corrected, and she popularized a great deal of knowledge which would not otherwise have been brought within reach of the very large class of readers of her later works. Her "Handbook" to our public galleries, her "Companion" to our private galleries (in and near London), are works of real utility; and there is much that is instructive as well as charming in her "Legends" of the Monastic Orders, and of the Madonna. After issuing these works between 1848 and 1852, she returned to her favorite habit of authorship—collecting "Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies" from her "Common-place Book," and shedding them into the world, under the two divisions which describe the contemplations of her life—"Ethics and Character," and "Literature and Art." The impression left is uniform with that of all her works, that of a warm-hearted and courageous woman, of indomitable sociability of nature, large liberalities and deep prejudices.

Her works have been received as happy incidents; and, long after they have ceased to be sought and regularly read, some touch of nature in them, some trait of insight, or ingenuity of solution will come up in fireside conversation, or in literary intercourse, and remind a future generation that in ours there was a restless, expatiating, fervent, unreasoning, generous, accomplished Mrs. Jameson among the lights of the time, by no means hiding her lustre under a bushel, or being too closely shut up at home; a great benefit to her time from her zeal for her sex and for art; but likely to have been a greater if she could have carried less of herself and her experiences into her pictures and her interpretations of life.

There is not much to say of the mode of living of one who lived in pictures and in speech—whose existence was a pilgrimage in search, or in honor, of the arts of expression. Her circumstances were made easy, after Mr. Jameson's death, by a tribute from her friends and admirers, invested for that purpose. She enjoyed life, whatever had been its troubles and mortifications; and the pleasures of the imagination and the stimulus of society were as animating to her as they were necessary, as disease advanced and strength wasted away. She died on the 17th instant.—*London Daily News, March 29.*

THE FETE OF ST. JOSEPH IN ROME.

From Mrs. Stowe's Letters in The Independent.

ROME, Tuesday, March 20th.

Yesterday was the fete of St. Joseph, and so those naughty liberals, of whom Rome is full, determined to have what they call a demonstration, under the shadow of the blessed name of Joseph—and of course it was not any fault of theirs that it happened to be the name of one Garibaldi.

It was understood that there was to be a great promenade outside the Porta Pia; how the thing gets understood, nobody knows, but it was pretty well known by both sides, and so all was in motion.

About two o'clock we drove first to the church of St. Joseph, where a crowd of the low populace were celebrating the real Simon Pure, and the sight was sad enough. We could scarcely crowd our way in, so we were squeezed in a ragged, swarthy throng, with sallow, bronzed cheeks, dark eyes—men, women and children all looking serious and earnest as they crowded in. The church, as usual, was stifling with incense—the walls frescoed with the story of Joseph and Mary, and a picture of their marriage over the altar, representing each of them with prodigious gold crowns on their heads; and above the altar was the frank inscription, "Templum Divi Joseph," and before the shrine this ragged, worn, serious, earnest looking populace were kneeling, telling their beads, and reciting prayers with an earnestness which shames many of our easy Protestant churches.

So many dark eyes, so many thin, sallow faces, so many dilapidated figures and garments, had not met our eyes for many a day. It was evidently the worship of the poor, the weary and heavy laden—the low Roman populace, with all its docile credulity of faith and facile warmth of emotion. We were glad to come out in the fresh air, and drive once more to the Porta Pia, whither many carriages and promenaders were tending. We did not find the numbers we had anticipated. The populace were sitting in expectant attitudes on the walls each side, waiting as for something to happen; multitudes of gendarmes and French soldiers, and many carriages of English and Americans, who, like us, probably had come to observe. We were told that a gray-headed horseman who galloped rapidly by was Gen. Goyon, but he passed too rapidly to discriminate. There were some carriages and a good many foot-passengers, but nothing like the numbers in Carnival time. We rode out quite to the Campagna, admired the snowy mountains, and returned to the city. We observed, in crossing the Corso, that it was blocked up with a solid line of carriages, and evidently full of people moving under some excitement, but we did not dream that the demonstration we had been looking for outside the Porta Pia had actually been transferred to the Corso. Such, however, was the case. Hearing that there was an intention on the part of Gen. Goyon to arrest the demonstration outside the gate, they quietly took possession of the Corso, which they filled with a procession of carriages and foot-passengers, all of course in honor of St. Joseph.

Just as we had finished our dinner, at about seven o'clock, an Italian gentleman came in, saying that there had just been quite a commotion in the Corso. It appears that in the intense repressed excitement of both sides, there had a spark fallen, as when fire touches powder. The Italian gendarmes in the governmental employ had had their orders to arrest at the first symptom of any outcry. One or two men either whistled or made some disrespectful allusions to some of these gendarmes, and were arrested. Immediately the crowd was at their throats, and they were obliged to let the men go.

The French police then interfered, and caused the Italian to retire. But after waiting about half an hour, the Italian police returned and went down the Corso, cutting from right to left among the people, and those on horseback riding violently down, as if to ride over everything in their way. Several people were wounded, and among them, we have heard, two French officers. To-day all is quiet, but the incident shows what intense excitement is at work, and how bitterly the powers that be are incensed at the people.

Italians here speak of Gen. Goyon as a sincere bigot, who does all he can for the Pope. They say Napoleon could not have the part he desires played here by a man of any other character. One who sympathized more with the people might go too far, and spoil all. All circles are full of anecdotes of the Pope's indignation and fits of passion at the way things are going.

The voting of multitudes in Italy as to *who* shall govern them! Why, no wonder the hair lifts the triple crown quite off his head at such proceedings. But for all that, Italy has voted, and her men have made the magic discovery of what an individual is worth when he can vote, and Italy will never forget the lesson. There is nothing developes a man like a vote. It changes him from an animal to a reasonable creature; and this voting business in Italy has done the work of years of schooling in awaking dormant minds, and making *men* out of clods.

FRIDAY, March 23d.

The affair in the Corso, on Monday night, comes nearer to being a crisis than we at first imagined. At first we thought that the fears of people had exaggerated the thing, but we find, since examinations have been made, that this is not the case. More than two hundred people have been wounded, one is dead, two others are dying. Among the wounded are two French officers and several French soldiers. One or two Americans of our acquaintance were wounded. Two old men of seventy and a child of fifteen, who stood cowering with their faces to the wall, were stabbed in the back. They slashed at the carriage of a Roman lady of rank, who fainted through terror; in short, it was the same fiendish spirit which inspired the slaughters of Perugia.

Since then, the Pope has given five dollars to each soldier engaged in this outrage, and twenty to the ten who were first in the Corso, together with a silver medal, which they wear, in the face of a scowling, indignant people. Much indignation prevails among the French soldiers, who sympathize with the people, but General Goyon, the next moring, in his orders for the day, commended the general movement of the Italian police in putting down the demonstration, but regretted that they should have employed their weapons. The course of the French authority here seems just now inexplicable. The solution, I have heard from high authority, is that the Pope has told the Emperor that he wished him to take away his troops; and that if he wanted aid, he could get it of the King of Naples; and that the French powers are therefore not unwilling to foment the difficulties and excitements which make their presence necessary. It is threatened that on Sunday next the liberals intend to crowd to St. Peter's, and to break out into a "Te Deum" for the annexation. The students of the Sapienta have already done this once, and been put down; and if they get agoing in St. Peter's, there may be warm work.

The Pope has in this last outrage sundered the last cobweb of respect or religious feeling which yet bound Roman hearts to him. Such a cruel, merciless, indiscriminate attack on an unarmed populace, without giving them time to retire, and sparing neither age nor sex, shows the nature of the beast. Under all that soft, gracious demeanor, those brown eyes so full of tranquility, lies the ferocious claw of the tiger. He will have blood as soon as he can get it, and henceforth between him and this people is no place for repentance.

The true ecclesiastical bigot is a mixture of softness and ferocity; like some species of wild-cats, which regard you with large quivering eyes of such tremulous softness that you feel that you could take them to your bosom, while in fact they are untameably savage and bloodthirsty.

SATURDAY, March 24th.

To-day the Church of Rome pronounces an excommunication on Victor Emanuel and all his aiders and abettors—a pretty wide sweep.

On Tuesday of this week, after the affair of the Corso, six of the richest, most intelligent of the bourgeoise of Rome received their orders to quit the city immediately, and to go by sea. They are gone to Florence.

Yesterday I saw at Castellamo, the jeweller's, the photographs of the two swords which the Roman people have had made to give to Victor Emanuel and the French Emperor. They have inscribed on them: "For the independence of Italy." Castellamo told me that these exiles were to present the one to Victor Emanuel.

Yesterday being Friday, we looked in on the Pope's twelve-o'clock prayers—which were full, as usual—Gen. Goyon assisting with full regimentals—a fine, tall, soldierly man, with an iron-gray head. We saw Overbec and his daughter: he is a perfect devotee, and has the true saintly air—tall, thin, and shadowy, with a sort of priestly black robe.

The Pope's great light-brown eyes on this occasion reminded us of a soft, sleek leopard's, as he came smiling and benignant, blessing from right to left, with the pikes of his Swiss soldiers around him. Fancy St. Paul or St. Peter with a guard of pikemen!

On the whole, this week has been eventful. We learn this morning that on the 21st the French troops began to leave Lombardy. Every day now is full of interest. Never did a holy week approach fuller of significance for the old Roman power. The more I see and feel of it, the more I see that St. Peter's and the Vatican is only a resuscitation of the spirit of old Rome—*pride and force*—wholly material and worldly, and using the religious element to carry its purposes. God send wisdom to this poor, oppressed people!

H. B. S.

THE PLAYMATE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine:
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown—
No more the home-spun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O, playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

PRINCE JEROME BONAPARTE AND HIS TWO WIVES.

A family council, presided over by the Emperor, and comprising Prince Jerome, Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde, and two of the cabinet ministers, is said to have been held at the Tuileries recently, to hold a conference concerning the proper steps to be adopted in the affair of Jerome Paterson, which is beginning to give great annoyance to the imperial family. The publication of the particulars of the first marriage of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, at that time merely Lieutenant Bonaparte,